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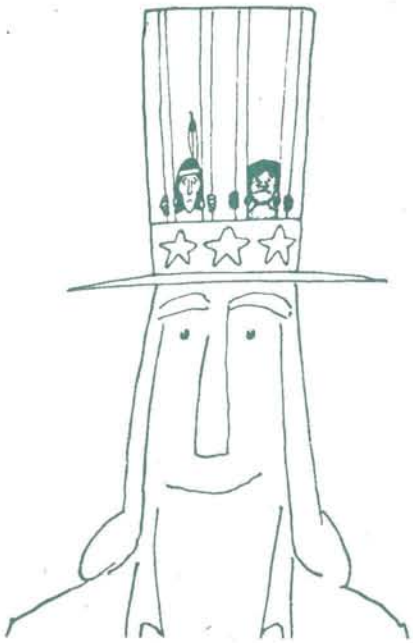

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BAD DAYS ON THE RESERVATION

Marcos & the World Bank
THE NEW DOLLAR DIPLOMACY
Walden F. Bello

Colorado's Lucky Children
THE BILINGUAL, BICULTURAL SCHOOLS
Beverly Hall

Interpreting Irish History
Lawrence J. McCaffrey

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LETTERS

after Sonnenfeldt

Cincinnati, Ohio

There is a difference between scoring debating points at the expense of Gerald Ford and playing fast and loose with the possibility of returning to discredited cold-war policies. In its October 23rd editorial, "Suppose He Meant It?," *The Nation* takes issue with Ford's remarks about the relationship of Poland, Yugoslavia and Romania to the Soviet Union, but the inferences suggested in the criticism are considerably more alarming than the President's television statement.

We are told that the Sonnenfeldt Doctrine proposes that the United States "play a very restrained hand, if we play any at all, in Eastern Europe" and that this is "arguable, if quite wrong, policy." What is the more forward policy that you now would have the United States undertake? Presumably there is little interest by rational people these days in the rhetoric of "liberation" or in any ambition to see non-Communist regimes installed in Eastern Europe. But as the kernel of policy all that we are given now is your view "that we would do much better if we kept up the pressure on Russia to moderate its behavior in Europe. . . ."

How precisely is such pressure to be exerted and how is this pressure to be made compatible with the need for relaxation of international tensions and progress toward easing the arms race? Are we to hold to the foolish notion that increased trade with the Soviets is some sort of bargaining chip rather than a matter of mutual interest? *The Nation* does not spell out the direction it would urge upon us, but the tendency reflected in this editorial is clearly away from the forthright advocacy of peace that has marked the magazine for many years. Hopefully this is a temporary aberration induced by the campaign's excitement; it would be irresponsible for this to be seriously put forward as the basis of foreign policy.

Herbert Shapiro, Associate Professor
University of Cincinnati

no charge

Washington, D.C.

The advertisement which appeared in these pages ("Paid for by the Carter campaign"—who was it sold out for thirty pieces of silver?) is an offense to my nostrils. Most of the signers know how much better qualified McCarthy is than Carter—the others were miffed in 1968 because he didn't cater enough to their little egos. They are enjoying this chance to get even.

All of them, like Haldeman and Ehrlichman, will sell their souls for advancement in a two-party system that freezes out half the people. If I have to pay for you to print this as an ad in the issue the other appears in let me know how much.

Suzannah B. Hatt

still to be won

Cleveland, Ohio

With some fifty others, I subscribed to the statement which appeared as a political ad appearing in *The Nation* [Oct. 30], calling on former McCarthy supporters to vote for Carter-Mondale in 1976. I endorsed the statement because of its main thrust. At the time my signature to the statement was solicited, however, I expressed hesitation due to a secondary theme running through the ad, from which one might infer that the Democratic Party is a reformed and completely democratic and open organization. Restructuring a statement cross-country is obviously difficult. However, the secondary theme in this statement is misleading and should be corrected. One could draw the conclusion from various lines:

(*Continued on page 531*)

EDITORIALS

We Beg a Favor

The Nation's early support of Morris Udall for the Democratic nomination, together with its critical attitude toward Carter's campaign and its less than fulsome endorsement of him, hardly entitle us to a place in the front rank of those who seek favors from the President-elect. Still, we presume to ask him for just one—that he not find a high place in his administration for James Schlesinger.

Of course, the granting of this request would be a favor not just to us but to the American people, and so we can overcome our inhibitions about joining the current favor-seeking stampede. Our guess is that the experienced and rather hard-boiled former Governor will know how to deal with this customary manifestation of American politics. The question is how he will judge the men and women who are to staff his administration and how deeply he will search into the principles that would qualify them to serve. (In this context, bureaucratic sophistication may be a prerequisite; it is not a qualification.) The answer will be spelled out in the appointments to come.

But surely not James Schlesinger! We are told that, when he first decided to seek the Presidency, Carter began briefing himself on the great world beyond Georgia's borders by consulting Dean Rusk. The Secretary of State under Kennedy and Johnson, that chilliest of cold warriors, that unwavering advocate of the Indochinese war from beginning to end, was close at hand, teaching at the University of Georgia, and is a native Georgian. It could not be questioned that he had vast experience in the workings of the foreign policy establishment. There was at least that excuse, or reason, for Carter, the aspirant, to sit at Rusk's knees, though it might be noted that he quickly distanced himself from that particular mentor when he found that, in certain circles, Rusk was a name that stood for the whole Vietnamese misadventure.

James Schlesinger's is an altogether different case, though it would take instruments of a delicacy still not invented to measure the difference of temperature between his and Rusk's cold-war attitudes. He is almost a generation more "modern" in his orientation toward that bundle of issues which bear on the nation's security. He comes from a different school of "warrior intellectuals," to use Frances Fitzgerald's phrase in her striking *Harper's* article (May 1976), one that had its base more in Pentagon-financed think tanks like the Rand Corporation than in the universities and foundations from whose collective foreheads Rusk sprang. And Schlesinger's mastery of the federal bureaucracy, in which he swiftly ascended from Nixon's Office of Management and Budget, the super-agency of White House power, through a brief tenure as the "efficient manager" of the CIA, landed him finally on that pinnacle of force, the Department of Defense, where he served as Secretary for two and a half years.

As king of the Pentagon mountain, Schlesinger soon

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found himself in head-to-head conflict with Kissinger, the high roller of the whole national security apparatus. Schlesinger had grave doubts about détente, Kissinger's specialty. Kissinger, in his double role as the President's National Security adviser and Secretary of State, resisted Schlesinger's resistance to any progress toward strategic arms limitation in the SALT negotiations. Both struggled, mainly behind the scenes, for the heart and mind, so to speak, of President Nixon-Ford. The dust kicked up by this heroic joust was so great that it was hard to tell who was winning until Gerald Ford abruptly flashed the thumbs up for Kissinger and fired Schlesinger—an act which probably hurt Ford in the struggle for his party's nomination with the fierce defense nonintellectual, Ronald Reagan, but may have helped him in the election, given the strange popularity of the dedicated shuttler.

Popularity is not an attribute that easily fits the dourly technocratic Schlesinger. In his hobby of bird-watching he may on occasion have charmed a bird out of a tree, but he could never pretend, as Kissinger does, to like actual people, including Congressmen. Occasionally, that kind of remoteness suggests compensating virtues (industry, intellection, etc.) but let us not be led into that trap in regard to Schlesinger. The truth is that he is an extremely bright defense intellectual whose whole experience has stuffed his mind with an expert understanding of all the policy mistakes of the past—in which he still has total faith.

On the size and mission of the American defense establishment, no one is more aggressive than Schlesinger. He is a bird-watcher who admires hawks, not doves. One must wonder what Carter and Schlesinger said to each other, when the candidate consulted the dismissed Defense Secretary before the campaign debates, on the subject of the Democratic Party's proposed 5-to-7 per cent cut in the defense budget, as expressed in the platform and endorsed by Carter. Schlesinger's "more-more" record in budgetary hearings before Congress would have brought smiles to the faces of those Congressional barons of the defense build-ups of the past, Carl Vinson and Richard Russell (both of them from Georgia, incidentally). He is impeccably militaristic. It is not reassuring that Carter consulted Schlesinger in order to discover the weaknesses of Kissinger, whose devotion to number-oneism for the United States is not much diluted by his occasional Spenglerian flights of off-the-record pessimism about the prospects for the long-range survival of this country. (But Schlesinger is hard to outdo in the department of gloom; he wrote in the February *Fortune* that a lack of "vision, of moral stamina, of national purpose" seriously threatened this society. Translation: spend more on arms.)

Dwight D. Eisenhower, a renowned military commander, was the least militaristic of all the Presidents of the last thirty years. He left office warning against the evils of the combination of soldiers and their corporate suppliers. President-elect Carter retired from the Navy as a junior nuclear submarine officer, but one can hope that he has seen enough of the military and its civilian thinkers to develop a healthy mistrust of that breed and, specifically, of James Schlesinger.

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Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
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THE NATION

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Friedman's Laurel Wreath

Nobel Prizes in all categories except the sciences have often provoked laughter in the cultivated world. (It is impossible for non-scientists to judge in that area, but even there controversy has surrounded the awards.) But the award of this year's Nobel Prize in economics to the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman has caused more indignation than amusement. According to an excellent report in *The Washington Post* of November 6 by Bernard D. Nossiter, a prominent Swedish economist teased a member of the awards committee in advance by saying that Friedman had better be given the prize because the world's central banks love this particular monetarist, who numbers the Chilean junta among his friends, and the economics award committee gets its money from the Swedish Central Bank. "Never," replied the committee member on the spot, "I can't stand the way Friedman manipulates statistics to support a predetermined conclusion." Nonetheless, Friedman got the accolade this year; he had become too "fashionable" to be overlooked, as Nossiter puts it.

One must pessimistically admit that there never has been, and never will be, a very good way to single out the best of anything. Individual judgments are the hardest things to homogenize and the process inevitably falls into the hands of committees dominated by second-rate minds. So the millions from the bequest of the dynamite king, Alfred Nobel, will go on being handed out with more misses than hits. None of this is meant to pass judgment against the literary award this year to Saul Bellow or, for that matter, to any of the other Americans who swept the 1976 Nobel stakes in all categories in which a prize was given (Peace found no winner this year). One recalls that Henry Kissinger won the Peace award in 1973 (sharing it with his North Vietnamese opposite number in the Paris negotiations that brought a truce in a war this country should have ended years earlier).

The literary awards are the ones easiest to measure by the yardstick of historical judgment. The acumen of the judges can be tested by a short list of the writers they did not honor. It includes: Rilke, Henry James, Tolstoy, Thomas Hardy, Proust, Chekhov, Kafka, Joyce and Conrad, along with Scandinavia's own two best writers, Ibsen and Strindberg.

We add just one more note on the Friedman award, one bearing on values. He and his Chicago "school" pride themselves on the rigor of their value-free analysis of economic conditions. This proclaimed objectivity permits them to work for dictators as long as their employers say that they believe in free enterprise, no matter the degree of monopolistic control or the presence or absence of any kind of social justice. All that counts for these economists is the appearance of a "free market," whatever the reality. And thus they sterilize themselves, avoiding any connection with the dirty world of politics with all its "values," good and bad.

This lofty theoretical view of life allows Friedman to write in this month's issue of *Encounter* that Chile's elected government under Allende represented the "threat of a left-wing dictatorship," a most questionable assertion. He then wrings his hands a bit by admitting that the government of his friends in the Chilean military, who overthrew Allende with American help, are running something which "also is very far indeed from a free society." The solution to all these ugly problems, as the Chicago "school" sees it, is to stop government spending and let the people vote with their money in the marketplace rather than with their ballots in the voting booth (a much lower priority in the Friedmanite view).

These are the views that have been crowned by the Swedish Central Bank and its nominees on the Nobel economics award committee. Onward and upward with central banking. Hail to its high priest from Chicago.

Full Circle

Next spring NBC will air a three-hour biographical film, *Tail Gunner Joe*, about the life and times of Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Appleton, Wis., produced by George Eckstein, scripted by Lane Slate. Burgess Meredith plays Joseph Welch, Peter Boyle is McCarthy. *Tail Gunner Joe* depicts McCarthy as an alcoholic, a man who ruined careers and lives, a politician who was elected illegally, fabricated his war record, intimidated Presidents and hog-tied American foreign policy. Yet Eckstein is justified in insisting that the facts really speak for themselves; McCarthy was that kind of man. *The Nation* thought so then, and we were by no means alone. As Eckstein notes: "McCarthy was not exactly . . . a heroic figure." The film closes, so Lee Margulies reports in the *Los Angeles Times* (October 25), with a pointed ending, which features actor Richard Dixon playing the man he so greatly resembles—then Vice President Richard Nixon.

Eckstein hopes the film will be a warning "that such a phenomenon has occurred, and can occur again and might. . . . Just be on guard." Burgess Meredith has good reason to enjoy his role. On June 22, 1950, he was one of 151 performers, writers and others who were cited in "Red Channels"; he was blacklisted for a time in television and the movies and had to sue to force a retraction and apology. "It gave me a damn good scare," he is quoted as saying. So we have come full circle: twenty-two years later, Tail Gunner Joe is perceived to be what he so clearly was even then. Time has not clarified the facts: they were clear then. Nor has popular intelligence improved so much: it was adequate then to perceive that McCarthy was a fraud. All that has happened is that the cycle of fear has ended—for now.

Peace and the Satellites

Professor Shapiro of the University of Cincinnati takes *The Nation* to task, in a letter we publish in this issue, for abandoning "the forthright advocacy of peace that has marked the magazine for many years." His complaint arises from an editorial that took off from President Ford's slip in the second "debate," whereby he denied that Eastern Europe was under the "domination" of the Soviet Union. We treated the Ford gaffe rather lightly in that editorial (See "Suppose He Meant It?," October 23), pretending that the President really meant to deny

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the reality of the Soviet satellite world and to announce a new American policy of letting well (or ill) enough alone. And we took the occasion to remark that the right policy for this country is to keep "the pressure on Russia to moderate its behavior in Europe. . . ."

As we thought we had made plain, but apparently did not, we have no use for the "liberation" nonsense which a generation of American leaders regularly trumpeted, muting it only when East Germans, Poles, Hungarians or Czechoslovakians revolted against their Russian masters and we were challenged to put up or shut up. The hypocrisy of that proclaimed and necessarily unused policy was plain to all and simply increased the pain of the peoples whom the arrangements to settle World War II had placed under Russian domination. We sanctified those arrangements, so to speak, when we signed the Helsinki agreement last year which recognized the European status quo.

But, as Professor Shapiro would surely recognize, policies to put pressure on the Soviet Union to ease its grip on Eastern Europe need not occasion a revival of the cold war. Many steps to influence Moscow in that direction can be taken without increasing tensions leading to confrontation, and those steps certainly include trade policies, as all of history shows. We can take those steps even without risking much, and it is not necessary for us to accept, as the Sonnenfeldt Doctrine implies, that the "organic" connection of the Eastern European states to Russia is an immutable fact.

These considerations are all that we had in mind in the editorial with which Professor Shapiro takes issue, and we do not believe that they amount to a change in *The Nation*'s long-standing dedication to peace.

The 'People' Issues

The people have spoken; and for two weeks all eyes have been intent on the still little-known man from Georgia who will direct the nation's affairs for the next four years. It is time now to ask how well Americans directed their *own* affairs—that is, how they voted on the propositions and referendums that sprouted so thickly on ballots in 1976. The results were mixed, but it is hard to escape the conclusion that by and large the people did not act wisely.

The most publicized of the discouraging votes were those in six states on proposals regarding the development of nuclear power plants. These proposals were not "anti-nuclear," as they came to be known in some quarters; they would merely have imposed more stringent standards regarding accident indemnification, disposal of radioactive wastes and safe plant operation. This naturally vexed the giant companies that build the plants, and as is usual in such cases, they spent millions of dollars more than their "people's lobby" opponents to make their case in public. The defeat of the proposals in all six states led one energy executive to crow that "Twenty per cent of the United States population has had an opportunity this year to vote on the need for nuclear energy, and they have affirmed it by a 2-to-1 landslide." Such an interpretation is hardly justified. The mere presence of the proposals on the ballot should alert the corporations (and the legislators) to the fact that Americans have deep misgivings about unbridled nuclear development.

Conservationists fought businessmen to a draw on the so-called "bottle initiatives," modeled after successful statutes in Oregon and Vermont that impose a mandatory deposit on drink containers to encourage recycling and reduce litter. In Maine and Michigan the bottle law proposals passed; in Massachusetts and Colorado they failed. Also in Massachusetts, the National Rifle Association again proved its prowess when voters turned down by 3 to 1 a proposal to outlaw all handguns. A particularly painful defeat came in California, where voters turned down Proposition 14, which would have protected the union election and organization rights won by the United Farm Workers over years of struggle. And in Arkansas, voters refused to scrap that state's benighted right-to-work law.

The spread of legalized gambling in a multitude of forms continued: New Jersey approved casinos for Atlantic City, New York said yes to "Las Vegas" nights for charities, Colorado adopted racing sweepstakes and Vermont plumped for a lottery. On the other hand, gambling initiatives were defeated in Detroit, California and Delaware—to the presumed dismay of organized crime, since we have learned from experience that legalizing games of chance, far from killing the Mafia weeds in the garden, only helps them look more like flowers.

Other than the bottle votes in Maine and Michigan, there is only one cause for cheer in this gray landscape: the approval in Massachusetts and Colorado of state equal rights amendments. Given the current state of the forces supporting ERA, these victories have the quality of rearguard actions, but they were sorely needed nonetheless after the disasters in New York and New Jersey last year.

TO WHOM IT SHOULD CONCERN . . . W.H. Ferry

In December 1975—and again in June 1976—twenty-three Americans generally regarded as liberals sent letters to twenty-three other Americans who had played important roles in conducting the war in Vietnam. In a box on the next page appear the names of those who wrote the letters and those who received them.

The letters said, in part: "We wonder whether your reflections [on Vietnam] might cause you to share our conviction that a broad and generous amnesty would be a healing act and one you would support. . . . We would

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be interested in knowing whether you . . . would be willing to issue a public statement asserting the need for an amnesty program to end the legal disabilities still faced by young men who came into conflict with the draft, the military, and the war itself. . . ."

But the letters we wrote turned out to be flops. We wrote twice because only thirteen of the recipients replied to the first letter; only ten responded to the second, including three men who had not answered the first. Now, a year after our first letter, seven have not been heard from—that is, almost one out of three.

In both letters we urged these twenty-three illustrious men to make a gesture toward amnesty. We addressed them as policy makers and planners who had a great deal to do with setting the war in Vietnam in motion and keeping it going—the longest war in our history—until its inglorious close.

THE WRITERS	THE RECIPIENTS
Heywood Burns	George W. Ball
Kenneth B. Clark	McGeorge Bundy
Ramsey Clark	William Bundy
Leslie W. Dunbar	Ellsworth Bunker
Erik H. Erikson	Joseph Califano
W.H. Ferry	Clark Clifford
Willard Gaylin	Roswell Gilpatrick
Michael Harrington	Averell Harriman
John Lewis	Hubert H. Humphrey
Benjamin E. Mays	Nicholas DeB. Katzenbach
David McReynolds	Melvin Laird
Paul Moore Jr.	Henry Cabot Lodge
Eleanor H. Norton	Robert McNamara
Justine Wise Polier	Harry C. McPherson Jr.
Daniel H. Pollitt	Thomas H. Moorer
Charles O. Porter	William P. Rogers
Louise Ransom	Walt W. Rostow
Joseph L. Rauh Jr.	Dean Rusk
Henry Schwarzschild	Theodore C. Sorensen
Milton J.E. Senn	Maxwell Taylor
Charles Silberman	Cyrus Vance
William P. Thompson	Paul Warnke
John W. Ward	William C. Westmoreland

We urged them to make a gesture toward unconditional amnesty because we hoped that they, of all people, could grasp something of the plight of those million young men still in jeopardy—those in exile, draft evaders, deserters, violators of military law and, not least, the large number who carry the crippling stigma of less-than-honorable discharges.

Meanwhile these one-time Pentagon magnates, White House and State Department luminaries, ambassadors and plenipotentiaries, whose misguided judgments wrote this blackest of chapters, have all gone on to other important posts in international agencies, foundations, universities and law firms, or to retirement with honors. And it seems likely that a new administration might call some of these same men back into lofty public service—far, one would hope, from the table at which decisions about other wars might be made.

We sought to appeal to the compassion and sense of fairness of this group, to their sober reconsideration now that the battles have ended. We hoped that they might ally themselves with those of us who want America to forget about vengeance toward these young victims and hasten their return to ordinary life, as America has apparently forgotten the actions of those who fomented and directed the war.

Two of the respondents, blessings on them, stated that they had indeed come to the conclusion that unconditional amnesty was now the proper course. Another said he had to be left out of the discussion because he had had nothing to do with Vietnam policy. Three thought universal amnesty was a terrible idea. The remainder fell in between. In general, they favored healing gestures, but with many qualifications, with much familiar waffling. Only one of these public figures was willing to be quoted; that is why we are not able to report which of them said what.

What comes through most strongly in the letters is a desire not to be mixed up publicly in this complicated issue. Most of our correspondents are evidently pained to have been asked. Although they grant that amnesty is an important and very public matter, their own opinions are, they say, private. They would not want to join in a public declaration. They clearly do not wish to be thought soft on amnesty.

Sadly for our hopes, the majority of these weighty men consider that some degree of culpability attaches to most ex-G.I.s affected by the amnesty debate. They appear to want degrees of guilt determined by some undescribed process, with the more guilty being allotted a smaller hunk of amnesty than the less guilty. They seem not to perceive that the million men are already suffering crabbed and near-hopeless lives, blighted by Vietnam. There is little appreciation of the fact that these men are preponderantly poor, black, unemployed, undereducated or unorganized—the most forgotten remnant of a war this nation so desperately does not want to remember.

Our respondents do not seem to attach any sense of guilt—or responsibility—to themselves for their roles in pursuing the war. Why should they? Bad advice and bloody leadership in Indochina have led them to ever higher honors, piled on by their peers. None is anguished about a bad discharge or a draft evader's prison record with its likely result of lifetime unemployment.

So we end where we began: with those responsible for wholesale capital offenses in Indochina—the murder and maiming of tens of thousands of people and carnage on a multimillion-dollar-a-day scale—unwilling to come forthrightly to the aid of the million wretched young people who are guilty, in most cases, only of stepping aside from a war they rightly discerned as wicked and against the real interest of the United States.

Now that we know we cannot count on the principal impresarios of the war in Vietnam to help its living victims, we shall have to look elsewhere. Perhaps a new generation of public leadership will see the wisdom of unburdening the national conscience of hundreds of thousands of men whose chief fault was to declare, by action and word, that the war was wrong and immoral—and who were right. □

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COLORADO'S LUCKY CHILDREN

The Bilingual, Bicultural Schools

BEVERLY HALL

Last year, when the Colorado legislature finally marshaled its ragged ranks to pass the Bilingual-Bicultural Education Act, Robin Johnston, head of the state Board of Education, sat down on a bench in the Senate chambers and cried from sheer relief. The bill's two major sponsors walked out of the chambers together, almost too tired to smile over their victory.

It had been a long fight—nearly two years—and a bitter one, for opposition to the concept was strong then, and still is. Parents and legislators have confessed fears that teaching in other languages and about other cultures will somehow "de-Americanize" innocent schoolchildren, that it is merely one more unwanted education expense, that it is neither proper nor necessary for the majority to make special allowances for minorities. The educators who are implementing the law think it can succeed, but they warn it will be three, maybe four, more years before the proof is in hand. Meanwhile, they fear the opposition will regroup and attempt to annihilate bilingual-bicultural education before it can show itself a winner.

The controversy has not been limited to Colorado; in fact, the issue is one of the hottest in education. It's a regular topic for state legislative sessions, a major issue among community groups of Chicanos, Indians, Asian-Americans and blacks, and a constant concern for teachers, administrators and even the national Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, which found it necessary to circulate a memo earlier this year clarifying its own position on the issue. (The clarification was more confusing than enlightening in some respects, but the national position is, essentially, that it is not mandatory for school districts to provide bilingual education to youngsters whose primary language is not English. The catch, though, is that those districts must come up with a plan for such students that HEW officials can approve as superior to bilingual education, and so far, no superior plans have been developed.)

For Colorado, the confusion over HEW's position is beside the point, for the year-old state law takes precedence and puts Colorado, where 89,000 (22 per cent) of the state's public schoolchildren come from Hispanic homes, in the forefront of the bilingual education movement. Getting there was no easy feat; the history and passage of the bilingual bill was an education in itself, maybe best titled "A Legislator's Lesson in Hanging In There." The first time the bilingual issue came up, during the 1974 session, it took no time and not much political perception to recognize that the Republican majority wasn't particularly interested in the matter, and that even educators in the state were far from committed to the tough requirements in the original bill.

Some legislative observers think the time was simply not right for passing the bill in 1974, but that by 1975, it had become right. It is more likely that the bill itself was not "right," or acceptable, in its 1974 version, and that by 1975, compromises had made it palatable to a majority of legislators.

Originally, the bill had asked for the whole pie: bilingual and bicultural education in every school with twenty students or more than 5 per cent of the student body whose first language was not English; an assistant commissioner of education to head within the state Department of Education a specially created bilingual unit which would have almost complete autonomy to oversee the local programs; parent advisory committees in local communities which would share power with local school boards in staff selection and decisions about the programs; a state steering committee, as a counterpart to the state Board of Education, to make rules and guidelines for implementing the law.

But as it passed, the law affects only the first four grades, kindergarten through third; a school is required to provide bilingual-bicultural programs if an annual census shows that fifty students or 10 per cent of its student population, have a first language other than English; the autonomy of the bilingual operation is restricted and parents, while still involved in the program, are not as powerful a force in choosing staff and content as they would have been under the original proposal.

The first proposal had asked $7.8 million for a first-year budget; by the time all the compromises had been made, funding was down to $2.5 million. Financing was a major issue, but far from the most crucial or bitterly fought one, when the law was being drafted, argued, rewritten and finally passed. More important than dollars to the men who made the law was whether bilingual, and especially bicultural, education was un-American, racist, or pandered to the interests of minority groups.

Many Coloradans apparently feared that bilingual and bicultural education would make the good Mexicans of Colorado uppity. They pointed to the situation in Crystal City, Texas, where La Raza Unida Party swept city government and school positions to take control of the community. State Sen. Hugh Fowler, a Republican and chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee, argued that bilingual education would open Colorado to that unfortunate fate. Fowler gathered his supporters to kill the program—he proposed 4 pages of amendments, which included provisions to forbid teaching children in any language but English. He and several Republican colleagues fought to the end to erase the bicultural provisions, on the ground that it was un-American to teach children about Spanish, Indian or Asian cultures, heritages and traditions. At one point, under Fowler's guidance, the law was actually rewritten

Beverly Hall, formerly an editor of the Lansing (Mich.) State Journal, is now a free-lance writer and a law student at the University of Michigan.

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in its entirety, to contain nothing more than a state-funded tutorial program with a minimal ($1 million) allocation to help youngsters whose English was poor.

Members of local school boards, the state Board of Education and the state Department of Education thought the original proposal was too far-reaching. But President Johnston of the state Board of Education managed to get a majority of the board's members to favor the concept of bilingual and bicultural education. Then she went to work with the bill's major sponsors to arrive at a compromise acceptable to many Republicans, as well as to the Democrats who had supported the bill all along.

The legislators' job was finished, but the educators' monumental task had just begun. The bill took immediate effect, and districts were expected to come up with censuses, in a matter of weeks, to show which of the schools required bilingual programs. Beyond that, they were to outline specifically how those programs should be set up, and how much they would cost. The simultaneous development and implementation of the law seemed likely to spell failure, but twenty-seven districts managed last year to get censuses taken, community committees appointed, programs proposed and implemented. By this fall, sixty-one districts had programs, involving 22,000 Hispanic children and 14,000 non-Hispanic. Most of the latter are Anglo children whose parents have chosen to put them in the special classrooms.

In its Colorado context, the term "bilingual education" means that classes will be taught in the students' native languages while they learn English, the target language. The native language is almost always Spanish, but could be a native American tongue, Vietnamese or any of a number of others. The term can also mean teaching an English-speaking child in the two-language environment, so that he becomes fluent in the second language. The choice for or against bilingual education, in any case, is entirely up to the students and their parents. In Colorado districts, the most successful method discovered so far for bilingual teaching is team teaching, with one teacher monolingual in English, and the other bilingual. A second method, used in many schools, is to have a monolingual teacher with a bilingual aide.

"Bicultural education," the concept that frightened so many state legislators, means that while the students are being taught in their native language, they learn about their cultural heritage in an environment that is comfortable for them. The bicultural concept is important, because the cultural backgrounds and behavior patterns which teachers generally rely on are almost entirely Anglo-oriented, and putting an Anglo teacher into a bilingual teaching situation without knowledge of cultural and behavior differences can be devastating to students and teacher alike. Carlos Saavedra, state director of bilingual education, gives an example: "Our culture teaches us to go out of our way to help our brother. So there you are, [an Anglo] teaching in a class with several Chicano children. Maybe you're teaching the multiplication tables that day, and I learn very quickly but my friend can't seem to understand. I get up and go to help him, to show him what I've learned. Instead of understanding that's the way our people are, you punish me for cheating."

At least seventeen other states have bilingual laws of some sort, but most are sadly lacking in substance. That leaves the Colorado law, even after all its compromises and cutbacks, towering above those that simply "permit" local districts to have some kind of bilingual program. Those districts, in turn, seem to view "bilingual education" as just another term for teaching English as a foreign language, in special classes, to children with other native tongues. Colorado's law mandates bilingual education as something much more important than a tutorial program, and requires bicultural education.

Saavedra came to the Colorado post from Albuquerque, N.M., which is generally considered to have the best bilingual program in the country. But it is a strictly local effort, for New Mexico's law, like those in Texas, Michigan and other states, is primarily remedial or tutorial. In Michigan, for instance, a law adopted in 1974 requires tutoring of non-English-speaking children whenever there are more than twenty such children in a school district. The legislature then guaranteed first-year collapse of the measure by failing to appropriate funds.

Colorado, like many states which are wading more gingerly into the rough bilingual-education waters, was not totally without experience in bilingual programs. Some districts now have the benefit of a few years' head start with programs funded by Title VII federal money. Those programs have been around long enough to show that the concept can work.

Fort Lupton's three-year-old program, like a five-year-old program in Colorado Springs, is showing results. The number of Spanish-speaking children who have to be kept back at the end of the year has dropped drastically over the past three years. In the three years before the program began, the retention rate had been as high as 53 per cent; in the first year of the program, it dropped to 20 per cent and last year was 9 per cent. And test scores also show that the Spanish-speaking children are performing better. In Johnstown, where the bilingual program is several years old and extends through all thirteen grades, estimates are that costs for educating students in a non-bilingual class might be about $100 per student per year, while bilingual programs in the early stages cost about $150. Costs decrease each year as schools buy necessary equipment. In Johnstown, the absentee rate among Hispanic students has dropped from 9 per cent to 2 per cent.

So far, there has been no conflict among children from several language and cultural backgrounds in the same school. If conflict should develop, say the educators, they'll have the experience of these early years to help them go one step further. They may do it with larger teams in a single classroom. Or they may set up more than one bilingual classroom for each of the affected grades in the same school, all using English as one language but varying the second according to the minority children's backgrounds and the number of Anglos who want to take part.

What do the 36,000 children who will be in Colorado

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bilingual programs this fall stand to gain? The results of earlier programs suggest minorities can look forward to improved grades, better attendance, better self-concepts and the advantage of learning in their native tongues while picking up English as the target language. There is a good deal more speculation about benefits to the Anglo children, although results from earlier Title VII programs have been generally good. No doubt the Anglo youngsters will have the advantage of learning another language and another culture, but there is also the possibility that in a bicultural classroom, set up specifically to meet the special needs of a particular minority of students, the wants and needs of the majority may be overlooked—much as those of the minorities have been overlooked in the past. If the program in Colorado is handled badly, the students in other states stand to lose. Officials elsewhere are watching carefully what goes on here, and will no doubt use the Colorado experience to fuel their bilingual education arguments.

Even within Colorado, controversy continues and serious problems have arisen with implementation of the law. In some cases, simply getting the program ready was as difficult as putting it to work. In Southern Colorado's San Luis Valley, where many of the state's Chicanos live, electing members to the community committee required by the law proved nearly impossible. School officials scheduled the election on a weekday, from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., and the Chicano parents were furious. Most of them worked in the potato fields from sunup to sundown, and would have been unable to vote. To add fuel to their simmering tempers, school administrators—mostly Anglos—did not look kindly on the "intrusion" of the state when the bilingual law was passed. One school official remarked, unconsciously paraphrasing the old plantation Southerner, "We've always gotten along with our Mexican parents, until these outsiders started coming in and stirring things up." It took visits from a Chicano state Senator, a state education commissioner and the chairman of the state Board of Education to reschedule the election and quiet tempers on both sides.

The entire state, of course, was faced with the problem of the simultaneous development and implementation of the law. And the districts that managed to come up with acceptable programs for the 1975-76 school year immediately had to tackle the most crucial problem to date: finding teachers who not only speak Spanish, but can teach the usual school courses in it, and who are comfortable with Hispanic culture and behavior.

Bernard Martinez, director of the federally funded Center for Cross Cultural Education in Denver, believes the key is to train teachers in the handling of bilingual situations. They need to learn a whole spectrum of skills that universities haven't been teaching: effective team teaching; cultural awareness; specific teaching methods for bicultural and bilingual classrooms. Colorado educators and university administrators agree that the universities are not doing as well as they should in bilingual teacher training. "I'd say we're doing O.K.—not good yet—just O.K." said one administrator. And Martinez points out that bilingual training has only recently filtered to the undergraduate level, where it must be in order to reach new teachers. Some colleges have established majors and minors in bilingual education, but only at elementary school levels.

Not unexpectedly, there is also a money crisis. The small increase in appropriations for the coming year—$600,000 above last year's $2.5 million—won't come close to covering the complete proposals from sixty-one school districts. There may be some federal Title VII money, but the federal position seemed clear last year when the state program went into effect: Title VII money previously for children deficient in English that had been guaranteed to several districts was snatched back, even though the level of state funding couldn't begin to equal the federal allocation.

Another problem with implementation, and with the law itself, is dependence on statistics to measure success or failure. Saavedra and other bilingual experts in the state are worried that many of the benefits, like improved self-concepts, may never show up in figures and percentages. "The state law worries me; I'm afraid they won't give us time to prove it works," said Gloria Maynard, who directs the Colorado Springs program. "If they expect results in a year . . . pffft! There it'll go!" Saavedra voices his apprehension: "The people who dole out the money here are interested in statistics, not programs. We'll need five years to get good data, and I'll have to fight like mad to hang on that long."

He and his staff spend a fair share of their time trying to inform Coloradans who are afraid of what they think bilingual education is all about. The proponents explain that they don't want to pose a threat to Colorado Anglos; they simply want the same benefits, the same opportunities, for all children, and want to help youngsters learn to accept one another as people. (That goal does have the blessing of the U.S. Supreme Court, for what it's worth to Coloradans, in a ruling on *Lau* vs. *Nichols* two years ago. The ruling guaranteed equal education opportunity, even if that meant giving special services, for all public schoolchildren.)

To Saavedra, a native of New Mexico where the Hispanic culture and language are well-preserved and the Hispanic people are actually a population majority, a big problem in implementing the Colorado law is that the state is negative in its attitude toward minorities. Politicians and parents may not look at bilingual education as a luxury, as they do in other states, but many see it as a threat to what's decently American. WASPs have held the dominant power, Saavedra believes, and they aren't willing to give up a whit of it. "The goal has always been to drop kids into an all-English program," Saavedra believes, "when it should be to provide an alternative, all the way through school."

The present scope of that alternative raises a problem not with implementation but with the law itself, as seen by proponents of the concept: they believe it simply doesn't go far enough. "Putting bilingual education in just the early grades won't do the job," says Saavedra. The current law seems geared to taking children to a certain point, namely third grade, in a bilingual environ-

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ment, and then dumping them into an English-only situation. The hope, obviously, is that by third grade the children will have learned enough English to get by. But it also seems legitimate to ask, what is so magical about the third grade? Supporters of the concept would rather have a law requiring a bilingual-bicultural alternative in all thirteen grades. Eventually, they hope to get the state law amended to that effect. But first, they have to prove that the concept works.

Will it work? The opposition is still there—in powerful men like state Senator Fowler, and in people like the Colorado Springs father who wrote to his newspaper: "Bilingual education is wrong. A common language is a necessity in any modern country . . . responsible members of the Spanish heritage people in this community should work to abolish the sneak attack on taxpayers' money used to support a divisive movement via 'bilingual education.' "

But indications are that, despite the rushed implementation, the money problems and the remaining opposition, the program in Colorado will succeed. Its success may be due in part to the compromises made on the original bill, compromises which of course made the bill palatable to legislators, but also brought enthusiastic support from a crucial sector—the educators who would have to implement it. The state took on a big chore when it dared to order both bilingual and bicultural education. Based on a first-year assessment, it hasn't been an unmanageable chore, whereas implementing the tough, no-compromises original bill might well have been impossible. The limited success of the first year offers a limited degree of new confidence to the supporters of bilingual-bicultural education. Saavedra—outspoken, bright and articulate—is committed to hanging in there to make the program work. The universities are recognizing their obligation to prepare teachers for bilingual classrooms. So far, the teachers themselves have accepted the challenge with enthusiasm and the preliminary results, along with reports of Title VII programs, show that bilingual education is a boon to the minority students involved. □

MARCOS AND THE WORLD BANK

THE NEW DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

WALDEN F. BELLO

In contrast to the Ali-Frazier "thrilla in Manila" in September 1975, the World Bank-International Monetary Fund Conference, held in Manila from October 4 to 8, was not merely one more of President Ferdinand Marcos's expensive extravaganzas. The conference symbolized and sealed an alliance forged in the last few years between the twin institutions of international finance and the Marcos dictatorship. The union of technocratic development and repressive rule has enabled the regime to obtain massive quantities of medium and long-term loans. However, the price exacted for these loans has been high. Among other things, the World Bank-Marcos partnership has caused a severe erosion of Philippine economic sovereignty, distorted an already abnormal pattern of national development, contributed to widespread economic deprivation, and conferred international legitimacy on a regime that Amnesty International has found consistently in violation of human rights.

According to a World Bank internal report of March 26, prepared by Michael Gould, the Philippines has been designated a "country of concentration," to which the flow of bank assistance in the next few years would be "higher than average for countries of similar size and income." The loans which the Bank and the International Development Association (IDA), its "soft-loan" arm, have approved for fiscal years 1974-78, total $1.3 billion, or approximately four times the $301 million funneled to the country by the two institutions from 1946 to 1973. In comparative terms, the Philippines emerged in 1976 as the eighth biggest recipient of World Bank-IDA loans, up from thirtieth in 1973.

The International Finance Corporation (IFC), a World Bank affiliate which makes direct investments "to promote the growth of the private sector of developing economies," also substantially increased its activities in the Philippines after martial law was declared in late 1972. As of December 31, 1975, the Philippines had become the fourth largest recipient of IFC investment, the corporation having placed $76.1 million in thirteen of the country's enterprises. The Philippines was the top Asian recipient of IFC investment.

However, the bank's influence in Philippine economic affairs is inadequately measured by the size of its loans. It reaches to the very center of politico-economic leadership and influences a comprehensive program of national development. The Gould memorandum cited above asserts that the bank

> continues to have a close working relationship with the government and to play an important role in supporting the country's development effort. *The [bank's] basic economic report proposes a broad framework for future development, which the government has accepted as a basis for its future economic plans.*

The report is candid about the bank's political influence within the Marcos government, and about the uses to which it can be put:

> The bank can play a major role . . . because the

Walden Bello, a recent Ph.D. graduate in sociology from Princeton University, is an instructor in the Ethnic Studies Department at the University of California, Berkeley. Mr. Bello is a member of the Union of Democratic Filipinos.

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government is receptive to bank staff advice. An active bank presence also has the effect of strengthening the position of the highly trained technical leadership in the government and helping them to achieve policy objectives, which we endorse.

There are four bases for the bank's enormous effect on the regime's development policies:

First, the bank is the chairman of, and moving force behind, the powerful Consultative Group of countries and international agencies set up in 1971 to coordinate external assistance programs to the Philippines. Thus not only can the bank manipulate its loans to achieve its policy objectives but also its opinions are persuasive in the allocation of loans from institutions like the Asian Development Bank, major bilateral donors like the United States and Japan, and private financiers.

Second, the bank is increasingly used by the U.S. Government as an instrument of its foreign economic policy toward the Philippines. It is well known that the United States dominates at the bank. It is the bank's biggest stockholder, controlling some 25.7% of the institution's total. American citizens comprise 27% of the professional staff and 41.2% of top management. The president of the bank, by unwritten law, is always an American.

Thus, behind a smoke screen of technocratic and ostensibly neutral economic criteria, U.S. political manipulation of the bank is not uncommon. A study done for the House Foreign Affairs Committee by the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress concludes that: "For the most part the banks have channeled funds to countries with which the United States has strategic and diplomatic interests and have refrained from lending to countries with which the United States has had investment disputes." The exclusion of Chile from all World Bank loans during the three years of the Allende regime and the more recent flow of bank assistance to the junta, despite the latter's disastrous economic and political programs, is the best example of the political manipulation of the bank to advance the foreign policy objectives of the United States.

Though less dramatic, this use of the World Bank is similarly evident in the Philippines. The bank is adopting the same strategic focus on "rural development" as is employed by USAID. It is rapidly moving into a number of projects begun by USAID, the most important being the Philippine Population Control Program. According to a USAID Manila report, AID projects and feasibility studies have drawn more than $100 million supplementary financing from the World Bank and the Asian Development Bank, and will draw an additional $1 billion in coming years.

The Gould memorandum relates the growing presence of the World Bank in the Philippines to the decreasing role of U.S. bilateral assistance. Washington is making greater political use of international financial institutions because the American public and sections of the Congress have become more hostile to bilateral assistance programs, especially to those for repressive dictatorships. The Human Rights Amendment, appended to the 1977 Foreign Assistance Act, is the most dramatic manifestation of this resistance; it threatens bilateral programs for the most favored clientele of the Pentagon and USAID —Brazil, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, India and Chile. It so happens that these countries are also the most favored clients of the World Bank.

A third major reason for the bank's close relationship with the Marcos government is that World Bank planners and Marcos's technocrats share ideological assumptions. If not actually schoolmates, all are products of the same U.S. business and graduate economics departments; all are equipped with the same technocratic Keynesian views on economic growth; all have been conditioned to value foreign investment as the strategic factor in economic development; and all have the technocrat's distaste for political conflict, which they see as a disturbance to smooth economic development. The bank's support of its technocrat counterparts in the Marcos regime is unambiguous. It regards its presence in the Philippines as strengthening the position of the highly trained technical leadership in the government and helping them to achieve policy objectives, which we endorse."

A fourth basis for the bank's influence on Philippine policy-making lies in the changing character of the bank's lending policies. The new style of lending turns away from specific projects and emphasizes what Bank President Robert McNamara describes as "the interplay and mutual reinforcement of a coordinated array of national policies." Critics of the bank assert that the objective of "integrated program lending" is to place the bank in a better position to exert "macroeconomic leverage" on the country. Whatever McNamara's intentions, integrated program lending has in fact put the bank in a position to supervise, if not dictate, a country's economic development, because the generosity of the lending program will no longer be determined principally by the merits or perils of specific works in progress but by the criterion of "good general management." Thus the Gould memorandum warns the Marcos government that "the proposed lending program is predicated on the assumption that the good general management of the economy will continue. . . ." Should any of these conditions no longer apply, the lending program will be reviewed with a view to making the necessary reductions."

The development strategy of the Marcos government is a concrete application—one might even say a demonstration—of a distinctive World Bank approach to economic development which has crystallized over the last nine years under McNamara's activist presidency. Its principal features are the following:

(*1*) *Development through massive infusion of foreign capital.* The 1976 World Bank Economic Report on the Philippines, which the regime "has accepted as a basis for its future economic plans" (Gould memorandum), proposes an inflow of direct foreign investment of at least $1.6 billion between 1975 and 1985. To keep wages low and thus attract foreign investors, the Marcos government has prohibited strikes. It has also permitted unrestricted repatriation of profit and investment, suspended all nationalist laws and court decrees passed before martial law was declared, eliminated government mechanisms like subsidies and loose credit policies which protected local en-

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trepreneurs, and silenced proponents of economic nationalism.

The report further recommends a foreign credit inflow of $13.4 billion for the same period. It estimates that by 1985 the country's external debt will have risen to $6 billion and that 35% of its total public debt will be owed to the World Bank alone. Furthermore, the report projects debt service payments to rise to at least 19% of total exports by 1985—a dangerously high figure. The implications of the bank's external finance program are clear: the bank and other international finance institutions will claim a significant portion of the wealth produced by the Philippines until well past the turn of the century.

(2) *Export-led growth.* This is the bank's basic prescription for Third World industrialization. In McNamara's view the paradigms are South Korea, Brazil, Taiwan and Mexico. In its application in the Philippines the strategy has two prongs: an aggressive expansion of the country's traditional primary exports—sugar, abaca, coconut products and copper; and the "labor-intensive" production of light industrial goods for export, an activity which would be the cornerstone of the regime's industrialization program. Export-led growth is actually a means to achieve economic growth without resorting to the substantial income redistribution that would be necessary to widen the internal market for a larger national product.

Many economic privations which the country has suffered since the imposition of martial law are directly related to this emphasis on export-led growth. The strike ban, controlled unionism and labor repression are intended to attract foreign multinationals which will engage in export production. They are also the natural result of a desire to make the country's exports more competitive abroad. In just two years, 1972 to 1974, the real income of Filipino workers, by the bank's own statistics, plunged by nearly 40%.

Another structural consequence of export promotion is inflation. It makes the satisfaction of local demand a secondary consideration, sacrifices the stocking of the internal market to international price considerations, and makes a virtue of devaluation. While devaluation of the Philippine currency relative to the dollar gives Philippine exports a competitive edge abroad, it also makes imports more expensive. In a country which, after seventy-five years of colonialism and neo-colonialism, is heavily dependent not only on the import of industrial goods but even of basic foodstuffs like rice, meat and vegetable oils, the results can be catastrophic.

The most serious consequence of export-led growth, however, is that it makes the Philippine economy even more dependent on the advanced capitalist economies. The negative aspects of this dependence have become particularly evident in the last two years, with the exacerbation of basic structural weaknesses in the U.S. and Japanese economies.

In 1975 the recession in the prime markets for Philippine exports caused a 14% decline from their already depressed 1974 value. In the first six months of 1976 the value of the principal export, sugar, plunged by some 73% from its 1975 level. The country's already grave trade deficit of $449 million in 1974 rose to a record-breaking $1.1 billion in 1975. To cover this gap and to meet debt repayments falling due, the government has had recourse to frenzied external borrowing, with the external debt rising from $3.1 billion in 1974 to a dizzying $4.5 billion as of June 30, 1976.

(3) *Rural and urban development.* About 51% of the value of the bank's loans to the Philippines this year is designated for "rural development." But as McNamara himself admitted in his 1974 speech to the bank's Board of Governors, that development "will put primary emphasis not on the redistribution of income and wealth—as justified as that may be in many of our member countries—but rather on increasing the productivity of the poor, thereby providing for a more equitable sharing of the benefits of growth." McNamara's plan for the Third World countryside is thus nothing more than an updated version of the old and discredited "trickle-down" theory. It ignores the results of AID-backed "land reforms" in India, Iran and Latin America, where the failure to make substantial alterations in property relationships has allowed the "productivity of the poor" to be skimmed off by the rural rich, and led not only to growing relative inequality but, in many cases, to the absolute destitution of vast sectors of the rural population.

The World Bank-Marcos rural development program has moved to increase agricultural productivity by concentrating funds on infrastructural activities like road building and irrigation systems, the creation of "social-support" institutions for small farmers like credit systems and extension services, land settlement schemes and agricultural research. The regime's gestures of actual land reform have been largely cosmetic. The land redistribution program, billed as "revolutionary" upon its declaration in late 1972, has shown itself to be without teeth. It encompasses only rice and corn lands and excludes acreage devoted to cash crops like coconut, sugar, abaca, pineapple and bananas—which holdings are dominated by plantations, most of them foreign and producing for the foreign market. This exemption accords very much with the bank's view that such interests are "vital" foreign-exchange earners whose inclusion in land reform would allegedly harm rural production. Even in its original design, the program was meant to benefit only a million of the 7 million Filipino share tenants. Of this million, only 15,000 had by mid-1975 become amortizing owners under onerous conditions of land purchase.

Urban development is motivated by the same spirit of containing the Third World poor with incremental measures designed to soften the impact of poverty within the existing social system. The psychology of defense which lies at the root of the bank's urban development emerged in McNamara's justification of the program before the World Bank's Board of Governors on September 1, 1975:

> Historically, violence and civil upheaval are more common in cities than in the countryside. Frustrations that fester among the urban poor are readily exploited by political extremists. If cities do not begin to deal more constructively with poverty, poverty may well begin to deal more destructively with cities.

In the Philippines the bank's attempt to reconcile the

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interests of dominant urban society with those of the urban poor has, in practice, ended up subverting the latter. The bank-Marcos strategy has been to evict squatters from their residential sites in the central areas of Manila in order to open up the latter to commercial and industrial use by foreign multinationals. The squatters are then transferred either to shantytowns in outlying areas that are almost inaccessible to their jobs in the central city, or to government-constructed housing projects that rent at prices far above the squatters' reach.

(4) *Financial discipline.* The bank's policies in this field, which have been closely worked out with its sister institution, the IMF, have been followed almost point by point by the Marcos regime. Presenting them as measures to "sanitize" the debt management of the country, the government has obediently cheapened the peso through periodic devaluations; imposed tight credit and monetary policies which have had devastating effects on credit-dependent Filipino businessmen; opened up the local banking industry to virtual takeover by U.S. financial giants like Chemical Bank, Citibank and the Bank of America, and lifted virtually all controls on the repatriation of profits and investments in foreign exchange, a policy which has resulted in a massive drain of dollars and forced the country into even deeper debt to private banks and international financial institutions.

(5) *Population control.* Robert McNamara and R.T. Ravenholt, head of AID's population division, have the reputation of being the most vocal proponents of population control as a means to solve the problems of the Third World. The World Bank and USAID have now teamed up to fund and supervise in the Philippines what is perhaps the biggest of all population-control programs. A gigantic World Bank loan of $25 million has recently supplemented the $37.5 million which USAID has so far sunk into the project. The program has now embarked on "voluntary sterilization," with experimental teams trained in laparoscopy and vasectomy fanning out in the country to "popularize" the procedures. If the experience of India, the bank's top contractor of loans, is any indication, voluntary sterilization may be just the prelude to coerced sterilization.

Five of the top eight recipients of World Bank loans are right-wing dictatorships. It is no accident; the bank's basic technocratic view of development cannot tolerate the give and take of democratic conflict and is inherently biased toward straightforward bureaucratic initiatives.

Tied to Marcos's technocrats by a common ideology, the bank, not surprisingly, has become an apologist for a regime that, by its own admission, has jailed some 50,000 persons since the imposition of martial law:

> While the country is formally under martial law, the basic strategy of government is to resort as little as possible to outright coercion and to broaden popular support through the development of effective economic and social programs.

Technocratic ideology, in other words, has become an ally, cover and instrument of the class interests of the Philippines' ruling elite and the imperial interests of the United States in the country.

In sum, the Philippines today is not only heavily in debt to the World Bank but its economic policies are formulated and supervised by the bank itself. The bank is not an autonomous institution, and the interests served by its policies in the Philippines are essentially those of the United States. These policies have not contributed to the development of the Philippines. Indeed, their results have been, to paraphrase Andre Gunder Frank, to develop and deepen the underdevelopment of the Philippines. □

INDIANS AND RANCHERS

BAD DAYS ON THE RESERVATION

KIM C. ROGAL

One guy came out here and said to me, all right, let's say all this land is yours. So if you get all this land back and push all these white people off what are you going to do? And I said I'm going to buy me a white horse. Every morning I'm going to saddle that horse and I'm going to ride up on top of that hill and I'm going to sit on top of that hill and watch my land. Watch the grass wave in the wind, and the birds fly around. That's what it means, because land is sacred to me . . . all these years we never leased this out, and we never farmed it ourselves, but it provided for us, with wild fruits and chokecherries, and my aunt used to plant a garden here and it's ours.

Severt Youngbear, aged 41 at his house near Porcupine, on Pine Ridge Reservation.

About thirty minutes across the rutted, dusty roads from Severt Youngbear's house in Porcupine is the white man's town of Batesland, which may or may not be on the edge of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, depending on whose map you accept. Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) land maps show Batesland to be squarely inside the reservation, but a Rand McNally road map available at all local gas stations chops off a large chunk from the southeast section of Pine Ridge. Those 800,000 acres are shown on the gas station map as Bennett County; it contains the richest farm land in the whole 2-million-acre area which the BIA still calls a reservation for the Oglala Sioux.

The gas station map is more up to date, since it acknowledges a reality: that the land in Bennett County

Kim Rogal has been a reporter for the Beverly (*Mass.*) Times *and has written for the Boston weekly,* The Phoenix. *At present, he is writing as a free-lance while studying at the Iowa Writers' Workshop where he is completing a novel.*

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is almost wholly owned or leased by white farmers, and that the whites claim allegiance to the state of South Dakota, not to the Bureau of Indian Affairs or to the Indian-elected tribal government.

Many readers may be surprised to learn that whites own any land at all on the Indian reservation. In fact, white control goes far beyond Batesland and the Bennett County border. Lawrence Heald, director of land operations for the Pine Ridge Reservation, estimates that whites own or lease a full 90 per cent of the farm land on Pine Ridge, and 75 per cent of the ranch land. What appears on all the maps to be the Pine Ridge Reservation is a kind of illusion; a true map would show a mosaic of Indian-owned land segments, intermixed with the white-owned land. White spots, since they are a source of tax revenue for the state of South Dakota, might then actually be interpreted as non-federal, even non-reservation land.

For mapping purposes, however, and more importantly for law-enforcement purposes, the entire 2 million acres are still considered the province of the Oglala Sioux, one of a coalition of once powerful Sioux tribes which hardly more than a century ago had title through treaty with the U.S. Government to most of the land in what's now about four states west of the Missouri River.

Marion Schultz is a white rancher who lives in the town of Batesland. His father settled on Indian land in the 1930s, when the BIA was encouraging Indians to sell their reservation acreage to non-Indians. Land now worth between $200 and $300 an acre was sold—right through the 1950s—for prices often ranging between $8 and $13 an acre, always with the consent of the bureau. Such sales continued into the early 1960s, when elected tribal governments first began to assert themselves and attempts were made to impose a moratorium on further sales to non-Indians.

Schultz's father acquired over the years 4,000 acres of deeded land and 16 acres of leased land for his cattle operations. The Schultzes are now among the small number of white ranchers, hardly more than 100, who together own or lease 75 per cent of the reservation ranch land.

The ever increasing white control of reservation land is a source of satisfaction to Marion Schultz and to his father, since the controlling interest advances the cause of a new group which these two men helped organize. It is called Civil Liberties for South Dakota Citizens (CLSDC), and is a combined law-and-order "protection" organization and a political group which advocates, for the short term, state instead of federal jurisdiction over law enforcement on the reservation, and, for the long term, the termination of reservations, and the abandonment of any semblance of treaty agreements between the U.S. Government and the Indian peoples.

Schultz freely admits he's trying to "force an issue." A soft-spoken, college-educated man in his 30s, he's generally acknowledged to be a spokesman for the ranchers and farmers of the group. What exactly does Schultz intend to do? A leaflet about Civil Liberties for South Dakota Citizens explains two of the group's proposed goals:

> ¶To inculcate and stimulate the love of our country and the flag.
>
> ¶To defend the honor, integrity and supremacy of our National Government and the Constitutions of the United States and the state of South Dakota, subordinating all others but recognizing, in conformity with those constitutions, the rights of the individual citizen.

The leaflet nowhere states that the group's ultimate aim is to abolish reservations, but Schultz acknowledges that intention. Nor does the printed literature, which is concerned mainly with legal and political questions, mention that members of the group have bought guns and communications equipment for their "protection."

CLSDC, which began at Pine Ridge, now claims about 3,000 members in South Dakota and a fast-expanding membership in other reservation states. It has also affiliated with the National Rifle Association because, according to Schultz, many sportsmen in states like Washington would like to come into Indian reservations to hunt. A still embryonic national group, tentatively called the Interstate Congress on Equal Rights and Responsibilities is already evolving from the South Dakota organization, and affiliated groups have sprung up in ten states. An immediate goal, according to Schultz, is to "have Congress take a look at the situation.

"The power to make treaties lies with Congress, and they can disavow any treaty they so desire. . . . So the power to make them is the power to break them . . . or change them. Sure, there have been many cases where they [Indians] did come up on the short end of the stick, but how long must one pay for one's mistakes?"

Schultz believes that an important hindrance to legislation favoring the ranchers' group is "sympathy [for Indians] from primarily the Eastern population that doesn't really understand the problem."

> In one sense what they've [Indians] got going is a private club, just like the Elks Club, and it'd be like the Elks Club in your town all of a sudden passing laws and regulations for the entire town to live under, and the rest of the town can't participate in the lawmaking —it's a private club. . . . We're all citizens of the state and the nation, and we should all live under the same set of laws, and live under the same judicial system. We've got no complaint with their tribal government or anything else, it's just that they should get out of law enforcement, because traditionally it hasn't worked for them, and the FBI thing doesn't work.

Law enforcement has been the focal point for organizing the CLSDC. In fact, it began, according to Schultz, in direct response to the outbreak of Indian militancy in 1973 at Pine Ridge, during the seventy-one-day occupation of a small cluster of buildings in the countryside not far from Batesland, at an historic place called Wounded Knee. The whites, fearing property damage and harassment from the Indians involved in the protest, met with state law-enforcement officials and requested their presence on the reservation. As Schultz remembers it, "The federal fellows were there, and the state said, 'good luck, we have nothing to do with you.' And the federal government said 'We don't have any-

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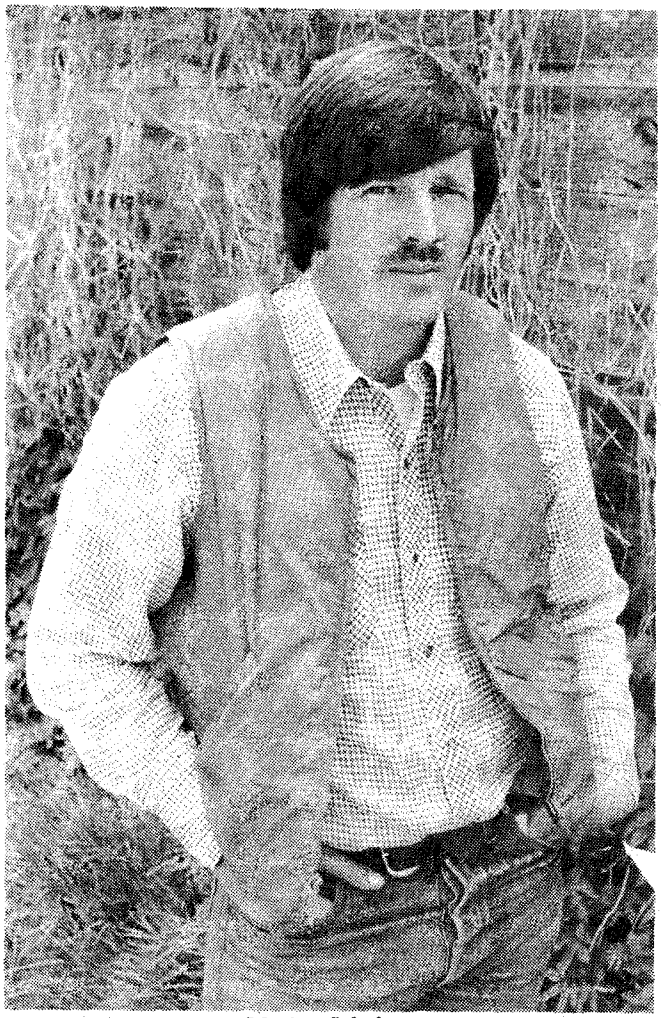

Marion Schultz

thing to do with you'—and we were paying for a law-enforcement officer with tax money and he never even came into the county. . . . So we formed the Tri-County Protection Association (also called the Ranchers' Protection Association). . . . It was strictly defensive—it's been accused of being a vigilante group, but vigilante takes on the connotation of being an offensive group, which we are not."

Schultz is right that the state police have no jurisdiction on the reservation, as the mapped boundaries define it, but his contention that the federal police denied all responsibility for the white ranchers is questionable. Ken Sayers, Agency Special Officer for the BIA police (the equivalent in Pine Ridge of a police chief) denies that federal authorities ever said "we have nothing to do with you." The BIA police and the FBI, he says, share a full range of powers to investigate crimes and make arrests on the reservation.

But Schultz and his group are aware that they've hit a nerve when they attack the law-enforcement question. Ever since whites first bought Indian land and settled on the reservations, their status under the law has been confusing. One of the major problems has been what to do with the whites themselves if they're to be arrested. The tribe has its own court for misdemeanors, but the whites have always objected to being tried in an Indian court with Indian judges or juries. As a compromise, any white arrested on the reservation is to be turned over within twenty-four hours to state officials and prosecuted under the white man's judicial system. That compromise is one source of confusion as to the legal status of whites on the reservation.

It's possible that whites at times have had difficulties dealing with the BIA police. It's also possible that the entire matter is a red herring, since the confusion centers around prosecution in the courts, and not around the initial arrests. In fact, some Indians on the reservation complain that the BIA and the FBI protect white property more zealously than they do Indian lives. Nonetheless, whites and Indians alike have complained, for a variety of reasons, about the enforcement of the law on the reservation.

Many members of the Indian community have accused the "protection" association of having been, from the first, an alarmist group which has exaggerated the threat to white ranchers and farmers. Al Trimble, the newly elected Tribal President, says of the white organization, "It's vigilantes is what the hell they are. All this C.B. [Citizens' Band radio] stuff. They've upgraded the old cowboys and Indians game, that's all they've done. You know when you really look at it you wonder how adult juveniles like that can be so successful accumulating money and running a ranching operation. It makes me wonder why Indians aren't running ranching operations. They just don't have the tradition of accumulating. They just haven't been that way. They've essentially been communal people, and when anyone wants to point out to you a large Indian rancher on a reservation, invariably they're one-eighth [by blood], and they've passed; they can go out and talk to any banker."

Schultz admits that most of the violence on the reservation has been "between and among Indians," but insists that the threat to the whites remains imminent, particularly since Wounded Knee. The police say that whites have suffered considerable property damage and some cattle theft in the past few years, but that actual violence directed at white residents has been minimal. In fact, the lack of violence directed at whites is in stark contrast to the staggering crime rate on the reservation. In 1975, there were more than 300 felonies, including beatings, stabbings, rapes and assaults, and at least seventeen homicides—a tremendous number of violent crimes considering the fact that only 15,000 people live on the reservation. Two of those seventeen dead were white men, but they were also FBI agents, who walked into a rural encampment of Indians known to be armed and antagonistic to the FBI.

For whites Pine Ridge is no doubt safer than most inner cities, but then whites have been fleeing those embattled areas. With their considerable land, crop and livestock investments, Pine Ridge whites aren't so willing to pack up and move. The question, then, is whether the existence of armed groups like the Ranchers' Association increases the potential for a showdown between whites and Indians.

Bud May, a CLSDC member, speculates on the possibility of such a showdown. "If there ever comes a shoot-

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out, it'll be a war. I think the blood'll run deep . . . 'cause there's a lot of us that won't run. . . . If they remove me it's going to be in a box."

Those are his fighting words, but most of the time May is an amiable, if opinionated, rancher in his early 40s, who lives in a modest house miles from any main road, in the heart of an 8,162-acre spread owned by his wife, Ada May, one-eighth Oglala Sioux, and an enrolled member of the tribe. Her tribal membership provides Ada May with what's called "Indian preference," a BIA-sponsored policy under which she has the right to meet any non-Indian's bid if she's interested in leasing a particular segment of reservation land.

In May's view, problems on the reservation began when the American Indian Movement (AIM) first appeared at Pine Ridge in 1972, "I've lived here all my life," he says, "and we've always got along with Indians. My wife's a member of the tribe, and my children are all members. They try to brand me as a radical prejudiced racist, but I don't think so. I have a lot of friends who're full-bloods, mixed-bloods, as good a people as there are. I don't think you should generalize in nationalities. There's scum in every race, and they had them all at Wounded Knee. They had the whites, and Negroes, and Chicanos. . . . There wasn't very many Indian people there when they went in to see who was there, when they finally negotiated their settlement."

According to Bud, "They had a hit list made up at Wounded Knee and she [Ada] was number-one Indian rancher. . . . They had six Mexican hit men here at one time I was told by the head of the BIA police—we had a meeting with him—he came out here and told us what to do in case of trouble. Del Eastman [head of the BIA police before Sayers]—they had to get rid of him, he was too good."

Asked about the advice from the BIA police, May said, "They'll tell you one thing off the record, and another thing at public meetings. . . . You ask any of these marshals and FBI men that's around during Wounded Knee, 'Well, what if somebody does come in and try to come into your house or steal something, or make trouble? —and they say, well, 'Shoot 'em.' They'll say that off the record. And they also said if you shot 'em be sure and kill them, cause then they won't testify against you."

What have the Mays done for self-defense? "We can take care of ourselves. There's been a lot of money spent for guns, communications, so forth, but only as a last resort. . . . What I'm always afraid of is that . . . one of these characters'll get drunk and shoot somebody and then there'll be retaliation. And if they ever have a shoot-out it won't be white man and Indian, it'll be whites and a certain segment of the Indians against the AIM, the longhairs. The AIM against the whites and quite a segment of the other Indians, who'll go together against the violent ones."

The "longhairs" May refers to are generally young AIM supporters, who wear braids or long hair and identify fiercely with Indian history and tradition. AIM has found considerable support on the reservation, mainly from full-blooded Indians of all ages, who tend to be poorer than the mixed-bloods and who have traditionally had less political influence with the BIA and the tribal government.

Mixed-bloods, like Ada May, have come to be identified by some segments of the reservation population with whites and white life style. Polarization increased between mixed-bloods and full-bloods during and after the Wounded Knee occupation, when Tribal President Richard Wilson, who preceded Al Trimble, bitterly opposed AIM and the demonstrators. Wilson was accused by AIM supporters of favoring the mixed-bloods in political matters—especially those relating to federal housing projects, a hot subject in a place where many people live in shacks. Wilson supporters were branded "goons" by AIM members. At least some of Wilson's followers accepted the title, and even created an acronym to fit the initials: Guardians of the Oglala Nation. They took up arms against AIM, and gun battles on the reservation between the two Indian factions still continue, despite the fact that Trimble, backed by AIM, defeated Wilson in a contest for Tribal President.

Thus Bud May's statement: "It'll be whites and a certain segment of the Indians against the AIM—the longhairs" is partially an accurate picture of the divisiveness at Pine Ridge. Where does May think AIM draws its support? "You want me to tell you the truth? It's communism. Did you know that Banks [Dennis Banks, an AIM leader] was arrested in Mexico and he called Kissinger person to person and got out of jail down there within hours?"

Bud contends that AIM is armed with Communist weapons. He also believes, on the word of an Indian friend who entered the occupied buildings at Wounded Knee, that "they had box after box of penicillin for the V.D. epidemic in there with Chinese writing on it." About the guns purchased by the Civil Liberties group, Bud says: "Everything we buy is legal. Semi-automatic. You cannot own a full automatic weapon legally. We stay within the law. Stupid law-abiding citizens."

Pine Ridge is a small community and frequently the most unlikely people turn out to be blood relations. AIM-backed Tribal President Trimble, for example, himself just under one-half Oglala Sioux, is a distant cousin of Ada May. Trimble, however, married a full-blooded Indian, and their children can claim a far greater degree of Indian blood than can Bud and Ada's. Trimble places considerable importance on the matter of blood degree. "The big danger to the tribe right now is the large number of small-degree Indians on the rolls who have managed to acquire a lot of land. The fact that they are predominantly white has given them an advantage that the Indian people don't tend to protect in their own way of living here on the reservation."

Trimble, aged 47, born and brought up at Pine Ridge, is a career BIA man and a former BIA superintendent on the reservation. As he tells it, his tenure at Pine Ridge lasted only about a year before he and former Tribal President Wilson "got crossways," and after a number of well-publicized political battles, Trimble was transferred to New Mexico. He retired from the BIA a few months later, and returned from what he considers his "exile"

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to "see what I could do with the reservation from the tribal side as opposed to from the bureau side."

About Ada May, Trimble says, "She holds Indian preference, and she's been able to exercise it really to her advantage. When I was superintendent, there was a land sale pending. An Indian woman was selling her half-section of land [to Ada May], and I declined to approve it because I had seen where she [Ada May] had sold about 3,000 acres out of trust for the purpose of buying more land, and that's sort of dishonest. It isn't dishonest to an aggressive non-Indian person who's simply following his instincts to accumulate, but according to the Indian tradition of people on the reservation here it's surely not right, because it's endangering the future of the whole reservation here, for future generations. She bought a lot of land, and then to buy more Indian land because she had this technical right she fee-patented it in order to have free use of the mortgage income to buy more Indian lands. So if you had an Indian person that really wanted to, they could buy the reservation out that way . . . buy land, put a fee-patent on it, hawk the land, buy more. She [Ada May] has accumulated over 6,000 acres already, so the threat is really there, isn't it? The area director of the bureau countermanded me and permitted her to buy it anyway."

Ada May's case illustrates the fact that the tribal moratorium on taking land out of trust is only a kind of moral restraint, not legally binding. Under present regulations, if a tribal member insists on selling out reservation land, very little can be done about it. However, Trimble has set up an "enrollment committee" which seeks to revise and strengthen the tribal constitution on matters pertaining to membership in the tribe and Indian preference. One change would ban the sale of land to Indians who have a record of selling land out of trust to non-Indian users. Another possible change would deny enrollment to anyone of less than one-fourth Oglala Sioux descent. The regulation, says Trimble, wouldn't affect current members of the tribe, no matter what their blood degree, but would hold for anyone born after the policy was enacted.

He estimates that 40 per cent of the Indians on the reservation could claim to be full-blooded Oglala Sioux. This group contains the highest number of welfare clients, and faces the worst problems with alcoholism and unemployment. Estimates vary on the reservation's unemployment rate, but the Office of Financial Management for the Bureau of Indian Affairs puts it at approximately 35 per cent, particularly during the off seasons on the local farms and ranches. Alcoholism is one of the worst problems, particularly for the full-bloods. Trimble says, "A great many of the full-blood people don't drink, they don't believe in the use of alcohol, but the ones that do drink really find it a problem. There's nothing genealogical or chemical or anything like that about an Indian drinking—it's simply the fact that most of the people not able to cope with alcoholism or drinking problems are the lowest welfare clients that really don't have enough money to drink and eat both."

An almost unbearable litany of ills affect the Oglalas, including the incredible rates of unemployment, alcoholism and crime, but the problem with the most far-reaching implications, in Trimble's mind, is the loss of reservation land. His administration appears to be dedicated to reversing the trend toward the dissolution of the reservation advocated by Schultz and the Civil Liberties group.

> A lot of the resistance you see from groups like the Civil Liberties comes from the fact that tribal government has been developing a lot more aggressively with regard to land acquisition and land usage. They [whites] lived for years on this reservation practically a colonialistic existence—they had one set of rules which naturally were very favorable to them, and the rest of the people had another set of rules. So if these people really do believe in real civil liberties, why don't they choose to obey the laws of the people that own the reservation? . . . No one told them they had to live on Pine Ridge Reservation. Some of them came out here because they thought it was a good thing.
>
> The thing we're really advocating now is to get the momentum reversed. In other words pick up a quarter here and a quarter there [quarter-section or 160 acres], and pretty soon the person that has been counting on just the reverse situation happening . . . well, they'd get the picture that that's not going to happen.

When Severt Youngbear graduated from high school his grandmother wanted to give him a present. She sold a quarter-section of the family land for $9,000 to buy him a house, and to give him some spending money. He left the reservation and joined the army, then came back to live with his family on a remaining 160 acres of inherited land. Now 41, he's lived on that land ever since, supporting himself and his family by working as a ranch hand on white men's ranches on the reservation.

"As a kid," says Youngbear, "I rode horseback between here and Kyle and Wounded Knee and Oglala, and it was all open range—no fences. We'd graze our cattle and run our horses more or less in common range."

A "grazing resolution" adopted by the BIA in the early 1950s ended the communality of the reservation. According to Youngbear, the reservation was divided into grazing "units," the idea being to utilize the land better for agriculture, and as many units as possible were to be leased to the highest bidders for grazing.

Since there was to be no more haphazard, common grazing, a rancher needed substantial financing to operate an economically viable "unit." The BIA required that no more than five or six head of cattle be permitted to graze per quarter-section. So to run a sizable herd a rancher needed at least 2,000 acres.

Large "range units" were quickly fenced off, as white ranchers moved in to lease as much acreage as possible. Though leasing to the white operators brought income to the tribe, smaller Indian operators, like Youngbear's father, were driven out of business, because they were unable to borrow enough money to expand their operations to fit the new, more competitive requirements for grazing on the reservation. In 1955, the year the grazing resolution was first enforced, the elder Youngbear's small ranch went bankrupt.

Youngbear has been a strong AIM supporter. He was involved in both the Yellow Thunder and the Wounded Knee protests, and later testified at the trials of AIM leaders who were prosecuted for their actions at Wounded Knee. He's not bitter, he says, toward "the individual white

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rancher . . . but I'm bitter at the BIA, because they're the ones that have done this to us. They're supposed to hold a trusteeship over Indian people . . . they're our protectors of land, of human rights, civil rights, but they pushed us to one side and they let this white rancher in. He can borrow money so he can outbid us and put us out of business, but why should I be bitter at him for what the BIA's done?"

After his father went out of business in 1955, the family kept the quarter-section, and "for a long time while grandmother was alive she let Frank Grooms, that's a white rancher here—she let him cut the hay for nothing. And during the winter time he'd come over and open a road for us. And at one time this rancher here and my uncle were almost like brothers, and Frank Grooms used to break horses for my grandmother. . . ."

The white ranchers and the Indians no longer enjoy such warm relations at Pine Ridge. While Severt Youngbear was using his house as a place to stockpile tons of food for the AIM protesters at Wounded Knee, a white rancher named William Leavitt, a member of the Ranchers' Protection Association, was plotting with his group to drop explosives on the demonstrators. The scheme was revealed during the trial of AIM leaders Russell Means and Dennis Banks.

Violence has increased now at Pine Ridge since the time when Leavitt and the ranchers' group hatched the plot to bomb the demonstrators. In 1970, according to BIA records, Pine Ridge had one murder, then two murders in 1971, one murder in 1972, four murders in 1973 (the year of the Wounded Knee occupation), ten murders in 1974 and seventeen murders in 1975. Police say that each murder is statistically equivalent to eight murders in a city with a population of 100,000.

The rancher's group angers many of the Indians in the tribe. It seems to epitomize some of the deepest Indian fears about white intentions. Severt Youngbear says of the group that its purpose is to "kill Indians. So if we're going to get this land back, and all these white people are buying land and starting this civil liberties organization, they have no business doing that. Because from the beginning this land was ours and it's still ours. And whatever land that they bought it's not our fault, it's the BIA's fault. So if they want their money back they have to get it from the government, they're the ones that did it to us, because they're the ones that stole our land from us. I think we should sue to get all the land back from the ranchers, because they came here and they squatted on the land, and in good faith we let them stay. But the land is still ours."

A young AIM member, Charles Long Soldier, sitting on the steps of the tribal offices, proposed another method of dealing with white ranchers and farmers on the Indian reservation. "Let's chase them off the land," he said.

Long Soldier's idea is widely subscribed to by young, radical AIM supporters on Pine Ridge. □

DEFOLIANT 2,4,5-T

ECOLOGICAL RUSSIAN ROULETTE

R. DOUGLAS CLARK

Trichlorophenoxyacetic acid. The tongue works its way through the words like a rat through a maze. Usually called 2,4,5-T, this acid is the active ingredient in hundreds of different herbicides. Although it had been sold widely in the United States since the late 1940s, 2,4,5-T first attracted public attention in the late 1960s for its use in Vietnam—where it was the defoliant spray called Agent Orange.* Public protest forced the military to discontinue its use of Agent Orange in 1969. Today there is growing pressure to ban 2,4,5-T in this country as well. 2,4,5-T belongs to a group of compounds called the "phenoxy herbicides," which kill broad-leaf plants by altering their growth processes. Proponents claim that they are a thorough and economical means of eliminating undesirable vegetation. Environmentalists argue that this interference destroys the necessary ecological balance. Moreover, they fear that the phenoxy herbicides affect not only broad-leaf plants but permeate entire ecosystems, potentially interfering with the growth processes of all living things, including people.

Those who oppose the use of 2,4,5-T must fight a number of powerful special-interest groups. Ranchers spray the herbicide on their range lands; rice farmers and timber companies use it on their crops; the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) spray thousands of acres of public forest with 2,4,5-T each year, in preparation for commercial logging operations. Perhaps the most ardent advocates of 2,4,5-T are its manufacturers, especially Dow Chemical.

Much of the controversy centers on another chemical, called TCDD or dioxin, which invariably contaminates 2,4,5-T in the manufacturing process. Dioxin is extremely toxic. The maximum allowable level of dioxin in 2,4,5-

*The Air Force still owns 2.3 million gallons of the poison, estimated to be worth up to $100 million. Most of it is being stored on Johnston Island in the Pacific Ocean; the remainder is in Gulfport, Miss. At first, the Air Force intended to dispose of the stock by burning it at two domestic sites, later amended to a "remote site" outside the United States. For a while there was talk of selling a dilution of it to certain South American countries for agricultural use. The State Department will not allow this until the diluted herbicide is approved for commercial use in the United States. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) approval has not yet been granted, but it has been urged by *The New York Times* as well as the Air Force.

R. Douglas Clark has recently completed his master's degree in music at Brown University and is at present living in Oregon where he has been actively working with environmental groups.

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T is 0.1 part per million, and even that amount is considered dangerous by some experts. [See "Warning from Seveso: The Poisoning of Italy" by Edith Schloss, *The Nation*, October 16.]

In 1970, the Department of Agriculture severely restricted the use of dioxin-contaminated herbicides in the United States. When EPA took over the registration of herbicides, it scheduled a public hearing for April 1974 to consider banning those herbicides entirely. The hearings were delayed and, amid protest, were canceled in June of that year, ostensibly to await further test results.

On August 7, 1974, the Senate defeated an attempt to ban Forest Service use of 2,4,5-T. A few days *after* the Senators had acted, Dr. Diane Courtney, then head of EPA's National Environmental Research Center, testified before a Senate Commerce subcommittee on the environment that dioxin is by "far the most toxic compound known to mankind"; in her opinion, 2,4,5-T "should not be used in any way at all." A spokesman for Dow Chemical disagreed, although he had been quoted earlier as saying, "You can just stand in a vineyard and think of 2,4,5-T and the leaves will wither."

There is little agreement among experts about the properties of dioxin, except that it is highly toxic and slow to decompose. Researchers continue to experiment and to monitor a few sprayed areas, seeking answers to a number of questions.

Does dioxin bio-accumulate? Since it is slow to decompose, it remains in plants and water sprayed with 2,4,5-T for long periods. When contaminated plants and water are consumed by animals, does the dioxin remain in their bodies or is it expelled? If it is retained, then it accumulates as the animal ingests more contaminated food or water. Further, if dioxin bio-accumulates, it rises unavoidably in the food chain as larger animals eat the smaller ones. A 1973 study made in Vietnam by the American Association for the Advancement of Science found dioxin in fish taken from areas sprayed with Agent Orange. This suggested to the researchers that the dioxin was both bio-accumulating and rising in the food chain. Also in 1973, the EPA tested animals from sprayed areas in the United States and found dioxin in their bodies at levels ranging from 9 to 397 parts per trillion. Unaccountably, these results were made public only recently—in a court proceeding—which suggests that the EPA has been suppressing important data. Still more recently, the EPA revealed that it had found dioxin in beef fat of cattle raised on range lands sprayed with 2,4,5-T. The test cattle were being raised for human consumption.

What are the effects of dioxin on animals? At the very least, it can cause birth defects. This has been proven in laboratory experiments and, tragically, in the human laboratory of Vietnam. It is also suspected that dioxin can produce mutations and cause cancer. Brief contact can cause illness; prolonged contact is lethal.

There are other important and as yet unanswered questions. When dioxin does decompose, does it break down into other toxic substances? Do plants or microorganisms in the soil create more dioxin from 2,4,5-T? When vegetation sprayed with 2,4,5-T is burned (as it often is in forests), is dioxin released into the air?

Public concern about the dangers of dioxin has grown rapidly. Citizens' groups have formed to protest the use of 2,4,5-T and other herbicides. People are asking the pre-eminent question: is it worth the risk? Many object to the cavalier attitude of herbicide advocates. As one writer commented, proponents "tend to see chemicals as innocent until proven guilty, a more than dubious approach to health problems since it turns people involuntarily into guinea pigs."

People have begun to take action. In June, public protest forced the Alaska Department of Highways to withdraw its application to spray 2,4,5-T along its rights-of-way, despite strong support of the application by Dow Chemical. Two counties in Oregon (Lane and Lincoln) have stopped using 2,4,5-T along county roadsides, largely because of a campaign staged by Citizens Against Toxic Sprays.

Those who wish to voice a complaint against the federal government—unless they are content with mollifying responses from federal agencies—must go to court. So far most of the litigation has centered on the Forest Service, although the BLM also uses 2,4,5-T. In 1975, courts in three states (Wisconsin, Michigan and Arkansas) ordered the Forest Service to halt its spraying program until it complies with the Federal Environmental Policy Act of 1969. Under that Act, any federal agency which

LETTERS (*Continued from page 514*)

"In 1976 we had the most open nominating process ever. . . . We have a healthy skepticism toward our political system. . . . But our ideas are now welcome in the Democratic Party." This theme culminates in the assertion: "We have largely achieved our goal of 1968 of opening up the Democratic Party."

Far from it. A false euphoria flows from these lines. While some progress has been achieved, the need for reform and the aim of opening the Democratic Party are goals still substantially unrealized. The party leadership has consistently whittled away at the reforms adopted at the 1972 convention. Most of the reforms proposed at the 1976 convention were defeated. Even before the 1976 convention delegates had left New York, party regulars announced an intended assault on the major reform victory this year—abolition of winner-take-all delegate selection primaries.

Affirmative action is honored more in demagogy than in observance as the smaller proportion of minority, women and youth delegates to this year's convention attests. The new affirmative action program is stronger in language, but lacks real enforcement provisions and will have to be fought for every step of the way. . . . With a few notable exceptions, party state and local organizations are generally even more closed.

Acknowledgment could also have been made of the constructive accomplishments of the McCarthy challenges to the institutionalization of the two-party system in the legal fabric of most states. Successes registered by McCarthy will serve independents in future elections, with a great deal more to be done in this area as well.

It is regrettable that the valid major proposition of the statement was weakened with an unnecessary and invalid presentation of an open Democratic Party which is far, far from won. *Roy A. Leib, National Vice-Chairperson*
New Democratic Coalition

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initiates a project affecting the environment must prepare an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) detailing those effects. In each of the three states, the court ruled that the EIS was inadequate—primarily because the discussion of the properties and effects of dioxin ignored important data. A similar suit was completed in Oregon on August 24, and a ruling is expected soon.

These court decisions do not resolve the issue, but only suspend it until the Forest Service revises its EISs. A law court, structured to resolve more clear-cut issues, may not be the best place to discuss a problem in which the evidence is contradictory or still forthcoming. Legal procedure places the burden of proof on the opponents of 2,4,5-T (the plaintiffs), and a heavy burden it is, since irrefutable proof is not yet possible. Unfortunately, the function of the defendants is not to listen and respond reasonably but to refute to the best of their ability, even if it means fudging a little, every argument the plaintiffs offer. Those they can't refute, they ignore. Many of the scientists who testify at the trials are little better; they might be more candid and less adamant about their own interpretation of the data if the forum itself were less rigid and more conducive to sensible talk.

The defendants argue that dioxin has not been proven harmful to human beings, and in a strict legal sense, that is so. But they also argue that, despite the grim possibilities, there is not much to worry about. They claim that the amounts of dioxin released into the environment are so minuscule that there is virtually no danger. As the U.S. Attorney for the Forest Service suggested in his final brief in the Oregon case, "society should accept minimal hazards for obvious benefits. . . ." Sadly, the hazards seem more than minimal. For if dioxin *does* bio-accumulate, if it *is* mutagenic or carcinogenic, then the long-range effects could be catastrophic. And the "benefits" are far from obvious.

The ecosystem does not benefit. Herbicides destroy its careful balance. In the awkward language of a Forest Service EIS, the use of herbicides results in a "simplification of the plant community . . . in which some ecological niches will be temporarily vacant." The animal community is also endangered by the poison, especially birds, small mammals and fish. According to the Forest Service's own regulations, a spray plane is supposed to leave a buffer of 100 feet on either side of streams so as not to contaminate the water or its inhabitants. Many streams, however, are hidden from view by thick vegetation on either side.

Nearby residents do not benefit either. Herbicides applied from a spray plane may drift as much as 15 miles from the target area, killing garden plants, causing illness, and even having teratogenic effects on pregnant livestock. If the plants, animals and people who live in or near sprayed areas do not benefit, who does?

Those who benefit most are the "power elite" of the game: the chemical manufacturers, the timber industry, the agribusinessmen, the Forest Service and the BLM. Business, of course, is in it for the money; it recognizes no moral contingencies. The government is supposed to fill that void by regulating commerce; this includes registering chemicals and banning them when necessary, since industry certainly will not do that for itself. But when federal agencies act in collusion with industry, who is left to protect the public interest? Only the lowly EPA is left, a David without a sling, standing in awe of politics, litigation and pressure groups.

Furthermore, the fact that a chemical is registered with the EPA does not make it safe. As one conservationist explained, "There isn't enough time, money or people to review the products adequately; many important tests are not performed; inadequate safety data are obtained; there is too much reliance on industry data; and the burden of proof too often is left with EPA." Thus, the mere registration of a chemical should not absolve all others from responsibility. The Oregon plaintiffs noted, "EPA's registration is federal permission, not a federal prescription, for use." This month, 2,4,5-T comes up for re-registration. One may hope that the EPA will respond to public concern rather than to the pressure of the big "interests."

For the most part, the press has overlooked or avoided the 2,4,5-T controversy. With a few exceptions—notably Daniel Zwerdling's article in *The Washington Post* (January 25)—the major media have not reflected the public's concern. This may be blamed partly on Watergate. In June 1974, when the EPA hearings on dioxin were canceled, Watergate was by far the biggest news story. It was on August 9 that Dr. Courtney testified that dioxin is by "far the most toxic compound known to mankind." That was the day on which Nixon resigned.

But Watergate no longer dominates the news. Yet in the face of growing public concern over the past two years—expressed by citizen protest and court action—the media have remained unaccountably mute. A recent issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* (April) features a 30,000-word article by Thomas Griffith on the Pacific Northwest. It discusses several environmental issues but does not even mention herbicides, though 2,4,5-T has become an important issue in the region.

Ultimately, the use of 2,4,5-T is only a symptom of a larger problem—our reverence for technology. We spray 2,4,5-T for much the same reason that we go to the moon: because it's there. Thus, the Forest Service justifies spraying in public recreation areas because it decreases the "hazard of poison oak." The reaction of one critic: "It seems highly dubious to me to substitute an invisible, unidentifiable poison for a visible and identifiable poison." Incredibly, timber companies seem to value technology even more than money. One study showed that in a forest sprayed with 2,4,5-T there was "visible damage to a significant percentage of the 'crop' (Douglas fir, hemlock and spruce)," and that the spray treatments actually retarded their growth.

At a deeper level of the American psyche, the view is even more disturbing. For whatever reasons, Americans seem to enjoy taking risks, and the higher the stakes the better. We also seem to enjoy controlling nature for the vaunted goal of "progress," whether it means destroying buffalo with bullets, destroying rivers with dams, or destroying forests with sprays. The environment is the final frontier, more accessible than the moon, more easily justified than war. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Shadow of a Gunman

THE DAMNABLE QUESTION. *By George Dangerfield. Atlantic / Little-Brown. 400 pp. $14.95.*

LAWRENCE J. McCAFFREY

Ten years ago people in the Irish Republic celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Week Rising, an event that rekindled the flame of a revolutionary nationalism and liberated twenty-six Irish counties from British political domination. They were proud of the "Blood Sacrifice" that had created an Ireland which stood as a model for other nations emerging from the restrictions and humiliations of imperialism and colonialism. Ireland's democratic institutions and expanding economy were visible fruits of a productive revolution, an answer to those British politicians of the 19th and early 20th centuries who had insisted that, like primitive Asians and Africans, the Irish were unfit to control their own destinies.

In 1976 revolutionary enthusiasm has dissipated in the Irish Republic. Only a small minority actively supports or sympathizes with the efforts of the Provisional Irish Republican Army to drive the British out of Northern Ireland and reunite the country. The overwhelming majority fears that the violence of the North might spread South and destroy sixty years of progress. The shadow of the gunman lies heavy over the whole island. There have been bombings in Dublin and other cities and towns in the Republic; members of the IRA rob banks to obtain funds for arms purchases, and one such incident led to the shooting death of an unarmed policeman; IRA bands intimidate shopkeepers and policemen in areas contiguous to the border while terrorists assassinated the British Ambassador to Ireland, Christopher Ewart-Biggs, a decent man who expressed considerable respect and affection for the Irish people. Most citizens of the Republic are convinced that British withdrawal from Northern Ireland would result in a bloody civil war involving the armed forces of the Republic. They know that such a conflict would threaten democratic institutions and destroy the economy in the South, and at the same time intensify and prolong sectarian antagonisms in the North. In an effort to limit IRA activities, the Irish Government has passed emergency legislation curtailing the traditional legal and civil rights of suspected terrorists.

Although many liberals have complained that the recent Criminal Law and Emergency Powers Bill threatens the basic principles of liberal democracy, a number of influential and intelligent people support stern measures as a necessary evil, arguing that the survival of the state is at issue. Violence in Northern Ireland and its presence in the Republic have inspired revisionism in the writing of Irish history. In 1972, *Studies*, a scholarly Jesuit journal, published a significant essay by the late Rev. Francis Shaw which rejected the popular consensus that the leaders of Easter Week rescued the Irish people from the West Britonism, apathy and futility of constitutional nationalism represented by the Irish Parliamentary Party. In a number of intellectual quarters there is a growing respect for formerly disparaged leaders who created and sustained Irish constitutional nationalism, men like Daniel O'Connell and John Redmond.

One representative of historical revisionism is Conor Cruise O'Brien—historian, literary critic, member of the Dail (Parliament), a leader of the Labour Party and its spokesman on foreign policy, and Minister for Posts and Telegraphs in the coalition government. O'Brien claims that 1916 was unnecessary to the process of Irish liberation. He believes that by 1914 British politicians and public opinion had accepted the inevitability of Home Rule for Ireland. Parliament had placed it on the statute books for operation after World War I. According to his thesis Britain would have honored its commitment and Home Rule eventually could have evolved into a Republic of Ireland. Easter Week and the 1919-21 Anglo-Irish war accelerated rather than initiated the freedom effort, but to O'Brien's mind the cost of escalation was too high. The martyred heroes of Easter Week and the guerrilla warriors of the Anglo-Irish war left Ireland with the myth of the gunman, a romantic and dangerous faith in violence as a solution to Irish problems, particularly those involving the national destiny. O'Brien warns that this exaltation of the patriot with a gun threatens the values and institutions of Irish democracy which are based on the rule of reason and law. The Irish Foreign Minister, Dr. Garret FitzGerald, another scholar-intellectual, and his Cabinet colleagues may not always approve of O'Brien's provocative manner of presenting his revisionist thesis but they endorse the main thrust of his ideas.

Eight years of violence in Northern Ireland have also affected British public opinion, confirming old prejudices. Too many Britons believe that the situation in the Six Counties expresses the irrationality, emotionalism and brutality of the Irish character. From this view it is only one step to the demand that British soldiers be removed from the violence of Northern Ireland and returned home. Such a demand obviously has weight at a time when Britain is in the midst of an economic crisis which threatens its survival as a viable nation.

Americans trying to understand the roots of violence in Northern Ireland are caught in a crossfire of contradictory propaganda. Members of the Provisional IRA tell them that the issue is British imperialism frustrating Irish unity; the Marxist-oriented Official IRA describes the Ulster crisis as the product of capitalism, the result of landlords and factory owners fostering sectarianism to divide the agrarian and urban proletariat; Ulster Protestant unionists insist that they are resisting nationalist efforts to enslave them in a Catholic theocratic state; and the British claim that they are the innocent victims of Irish factionalism, the unappreciated peacemakers. Most American journalists and their editors seem to accept the British version of the Northern Ireland situation. A congenital Anglophilia saturates the intellectual, academic and journalistic communities, preventing an intelligent analysis of the Ulster crisis.

George Dangerfield's *The Damnable Question* is a useful antidote to historical revisionism in Ireland, anti-Irish public opinion in Britain, and unquestioning Anglophilia in the United States. Dangerfield is no novice in Irish history. In *The Strange Death of Liberal England* (Putnam, 1935), he discussed the Irish question as one among several challenges to an unimaginative, British liberalism.

Lawrence McCaffrey, who teaches history at Loyola University of Chicago, is the author of The Irish Diaspora in America (*Indiana University Press*).

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In *The Damnable Question,* Dangerfield picks up the Irish story where he left it in 1914, concentrating on Easter Week and the Anglo-Irish war. He insists that the former event was the major watershed in post-Union Irish history. Everything that happened between 1800 and 1916 culminated in the Easter Week Rising, and everything that has happened since has been inspired by the "Blood Sacrifice" of Padraic Pearse, James Connolly and their comrades. Dangerfield explains the contemporary Irish crisis on the failure of Irish revolution to achieve its objective, a united sovereign Ireland. He asserts that although it may have failed, Irish revolutionary nationalism had a right "under revolutionary conditions to test the concept of an Irish Republic for a United Ireland" even if the result would have been probable failure:

> The ratification of the Treaty in January 1922 left certain aspirations quite unappeased; it was followed by a Civil War, the wounds of which have not yet been healed; Anglo-Irish relations continued to move along the old road that once led away from the Union and now away from the Free State; and if these relations have today been reduced to a squalid and protracted death in the back streets of Belfast it is because the Anglo-Irish past has not yet been put to rest in a United Ireland.

Dangerfield does not accept Conor Cruise O'Brien's thesis that 1916 was unnecessary. He argues that British Liberals destroyed Irish constitutional nationalism when they surrendered to Ulster Protestant fanaticism and British Conservative treason by compromising Home Rule with partition. After the failure to achieve Home Rule in 1914, the Irish people abandoned confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party which had lost contact with significant aspects of Irish life, particularly with new expressions of nationalism: Irish-Ireland (the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Gaelic League, the Literary Revival) and Sinn Fein, and the discontent of the urban working class represented by James Larkin's Transport Workers Union. Members of the Irish Party were honest and talented men who had accomplished a great deal for their country, but the Liberal alliance restricted their strategy and made them more sensitive to parliamentary than to Irish national opinion.

After the British Liberal government failed to award the legitimately won trophy of Home Rule to Irish constitutional agitation, indifference pervaded the ranks of Irish nationalism. Initially Irish opinion condemned the 1916 Rising as an act of hooliganism, but the slow and sadistic executions of the Easter Week leaders and the imprisonment of thousands of nationalists, many of them totally innocent of revolutionary conspiracy, transformed the pathetic failures of Easter Week into martyrs for Irish freedom. Dangerfield agrees with Yeats: "a terrible beauty was born." Nationalist indifference was replaced by enthusiasm and Home Rule became a casualty of British policy. After 1914 and 1916 few Irish nationalists believed that Britain would keep faith and give them a meaningful or dignified measure of self-government unless they fought and died for it. The prestige of the Irish gunman is the fruition of Britain's Irish policy more than it is the representation of a romantic, emotional, irrational Irish nationalism.

No matter what the cause, O'Brien is correct, the myth of the gunman jeopardizes Irish liberal democracy, but too many interpretations of Irish history exaggerate the polarization between revolutionary and constitutional nationalisms. According to Robert Kee (*The Green Flag,* Delacorte, 1972), until frustrated by the manipulations of British party politics, the vast majority of Irish nationalists preferred constitutional to revolutionary nationalism. And after the Anglo-Irish war, they returned to constitutional paths, creating one of the few stable liberal democracies to emerge from the shackles of imperialism and the violence of revolution.

Dangerfield's book and the total context of Irish history undermine the class war and British innocence as elements in the present crisis in Northern Ireland. The conflict in the Six Counties is a clash of identities much more than a class war. There are two nations in the North—Irish and British. Catholics belong to the Irish cultural nation; Protestants are the descendants of the Scots and English that the English Government planted in 17th-century Ulster as a strategy to destroy the most Gaelic province in Ireland. They are the last English colony in Ireland, paranoid and frightened that the natives will destroy their ascendancy and cut them off from the cultural homeland.

British innocence is the most ridiculous of the many fictions surrounding Northern Ireland. Throughout the 19th and early 20th centuries British Conservative politicians encouraged no-Popery, anti-Irish prejudices in Britain and cultivated sectarian rivalries in Ireland as tactics to defeat Irish nationalism and to destroy Liberal governments friendly to Irish self-government. Chaos and violence in Northern Ireland, its menace to stability in the Irish Republic, and its doleful effect on life in Britain is the harvest of British Tories planting the "Orange Card" in Ireland and cultivating the seeds of religious and racial prejudice.

As we so well know in the United States, peoples and nations must pay for their past sins. Considering its contribution to the atmosphere of violence in Ireland, Britain cannot pack its old kit bag, fold its tent, and go home. Such

ELIE NADELMAN'S SCULPTURES

Surely they were not hammered into being
these dreaming stones without gesture.
Poised in the pleasure of uncensored flesh
they emerged under his hand
as dolphins emerge between moon and water
leaping yet motionless
on limbs too embryonic to support such joy.

Defying gravity
his horses triumph simply over bronze
bearing much more self-centered weight
than logic can support on undeveloped bones.

Especially the head of Baudelaire
seems veiled in foetal tissue of its own.
Marble integument over the cranium
suggests an unborn intellect
completely formed who yet delays
its entry into air
lingering in amniotic brine
fully aware that while it floats
it feels in balance
for the last subconscious time.

Nina Schneider

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a retreat would be its latest and greatest atrocity in Ireland. Despite the costs in lives, money and morale, Britain must remain in Northern Ireland to prevent the massacre that must surely follow its departure. And while there, Britain must try to solve what may be the insoluble Ulster Question, one initially designed by British politicians and adventurers.

Some historians will be disappointed by Dangerfield's *The Damnable Question*. He makes some mistakes. John Devoy and Patrick Ford in New York and not Michael Davitt, their agent, authored the New Departure strategy. John Redmond and his Irish Party colleagues were prepared to surrender four Ulster counties—minus Newry and Derry—to the knife of partition and not the six that Dangerfield claims. He ignores some important secondary sources and seems to use one of his primary sources, the British Cabinet Papers, intermittently. No doubt some readers will complain that Dangerfield does not really add any new information or original insights to his subject.

Many other historians have discussed Easter Week and the Anglo-Irish war but a good story deserves repetition particularly if the teller is an artist. And Dangerfield is one of the few historians who succeed in transforming history into art. He writes in a clear, witty and dynamic prose which captures the essence of personalities and events in a few intelligent, perceptive sentences. He understands the relationships between apparently disparate occurrences. Sometimes Dangerfield is too quick to accept revolutionary Irish nationalism's romantic view of itself—he probably exaggerates the influence of both Cuchulainn and Karl Marx on the Easter Rising, but he thoroughly understands the intellectual and emotional dimensions of Irish history.

The Damnable Question is particularly relevant now. In 1921 an informed world and British opinion forced the British Government to concede dominion status to what is now the Irish Republic. Perhaps world opinion can again persuade British politicians to accept their responsibility in Ireland, thus preventing a withdrawal from the North which could turn Ireland into the Lebanon of the North Atlantic. The fact that Dangerfield is a distinguished historian and literary artist and comes from an Anglo-Saxon Protestant cultural background gives him the proper credentials to communicate with people not particularly friendly to the Catholic Irish. Maybe *The Damnable Question* will penetrate the mists of Anglophilia that prevent intelligent and well-meaning people in Britain and America from understanding the origins and complexities of the Irish Question. Understanding might hasten some kind of reasonable solution. □

All the Difference in the World

THE THIRTEENTH TRIBE. *By Arthur Koestler. Random House. 255 pp. $8.95.*

MARK SHECHNER

Arthur Koestler has been with us for so long and in so many guises that it is easier to speak of his careers than anything so unitary as a career, and so it is mildly surprising to check into his bibliography and learn that his first book in English, *Spanish Testament*, dates back just thirty-nine years, to 1937. It seems longer than that. Perhaps that is because the other writers among us with claims to useful longevity, like Vladimir Nabokov and Isaac Bashevis Singer, both of whom predate Koestler, are relatively new discoveries to English-speaking readers. And perhaps too their sort of fiction doesn't age nearly so fast as the political treatises and topical novels that have been Koestler's *métier*, so that these writers speak to us as contemporaries while Koestler's voice comes to us like the voice of Lazarus. That may be our fault; we've not always been listening. The secret of Koestler's staying power has been his adaptability: his genius for transforming his beliefs, his career, even his whole mental constitution to suit the altered conditions of history. From the 1930s through the 1950s Koestler was variously a journalist, a Comintern operative, a prisoner under sentence of death in Franco Spain (which was not a career at the time but became one later), a French Foreign Legionnaire, a leading anti-Communist and spokesman for cold-war politics, a Zionist and a novelist. More recently he has withdrawn from the front lines of history and become a hobbyist of ideas whose workbench of speculation has produced studies in psychoanalysis, physiology, genetics, general systems theory and now, with *The Thirteenth Tribe*, Jewish history. His abiding attention to the capacity of animal species and human cultures to alter their appearance and habits under environmental pressure (as in *The Case of the Midwife Toad*) is hardly a disinterested curiosity.

Although its argument calls into question the scheme of history upon which Zionism rests, *The Thirteenth Tribe* is nonetheless a return to the Zionist line in Koestler's thought which produced his kibbutz novel, *Thieves in the Night* (1946), and his chronicle of the birth of Israel, *Promise and Fulfillment* (1948). According to Koestler, the Ashkenazi Jews who constitute the bulk of world Jewry are not the biological progeny of those Jews who fled from Palestine after the destruction of the Second Temple in 71 A.D. but are descended rather from the Khazars, a Turkic-speaking nomadic tribe that held considerable sway over the southern steppes of Russia between the Black and Caspian Seas from the fifth through the ninth centuries. These Khazars converted to Judaism in the eighth century for reasons that are thought to be purely political: as power brokers between the Byzantine Empire to the west and passionate Muslim armies to the south, they felt the need of a cultural identity that would accord them the stature of a civilization without subordinating them to the Emperor of Rome or the Caliph of Baghdad. So, they became Jews.

The influence of these Jewish Khazars was considerable: their strategic location enabled them, in the seventh and eighth centuries, to prevent the advance of Arab armies through the Caucasus and therefore to protect the eastern flank of Europe from attack. Later, they allied themselves with the Baghdad Caliphate and became its first line of defense against the Norman-Rus invaders from the north. As toll collectors along major routes of trade and invasion, they not only exacted tribute and wealth from the surrounding tribes—Bulgars, Magyars, Pechenegs, Ghuzz—but developed a learned and cosmopolitan culture that was not unlike that of the "real" Jews, the Biblical tribe with whom they had cast their lot.

The Khazarian Empire lasted for four centuries before being dismantled by the marauding Russians in the ninth and tenth centuries. But the final and most devastating blow to the Khazarian homeland itself was delivered in the 13th century by Genghis Khan who not only overran it but laid waste its agriculture and irrigation, thereby forcing the Jews, like many others, to flee westward into those Slavonic lands that later became Galicia and the Pale of Settlement.

Mark Shechner teaches in the Department of English of the State University of New York at Buffalo.

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This version of Jewish history has some advantages. As Koestler himself argues, it is a far more economical account of the origins of the widespread *shtetlach* of the Pale than the histories which derive them from the wanderings of the Diaspora through Provence and the Rhineland. It also deals more plausibly with, the provenance of two anomalous populations: the fundamentalist Karaites who reject Yiddish in favor of their traditional language which is a dialect of Turkish, and the *Dagh Chufuty*, or Mountain Jews of Daghestan who, if the theory is right, are a vestigial remnant of Khazaria. The Khazar theory is also a new and enlightening gloss on the strange, animistic spirit world of the *shtetl*, the world of presences and *dybbuks* that is recollected in the stories and novels of Isaac Bashevis Singer. That unorthodox world is commonly taken to reflect the influence of Slavic peasant superstition upon the native piety of the *shtetl*, but may now be thought of as the undertow of authentic Khazarian paganism—the real imagination of the Steppes—beneath an imperfect graft of monotheism.

On the other hand, the Khazar theory needs epicycles to explain how this embattled tribe migrating westward from the steppes exchanged its Chuvash Turkish for Yiddish, and why this history of a presumably literate people is so barren of chronicle and legend that the Jews themselves know nothing about it. The evidence from which Koestler and his sources—Bury, Dunlop, Kutschera, Poliak—construct this history is mainly from Arabic, Byzantine, and Sephardic letters and diaries: Koestler cites no primary Ashkenazi sources. Is it not stunning that these people of The Book should have no record of their own origins, and can one fault more prudent historians for assuming that the Khazar Jews just disappeared from history?

Which points up the book's major weakness, and a paradoxical one at that, for Koestler, a man of exceptional intellectual curiosity, has written a book that is at once daring *and* uninquisitive. Intent on promoting his argument, he fails to show any interest in such issues as how this history of the Jews, if that is what it is, got lost or what the implications of overhauling the Jewish past might be. Having undertaken nothing less than the demolition of all major standard histories of the Jews, Koestler appears to be impatient with the difficulties and ramifications of the enterprise. Thus there is a nutty simple-mindedness to the philosophical inferences he does draw: first that European anti-Semitism is a cruel hoax since the Jews of Europe are not, in the main, Semites; second that the racial intermingling of Jew and Gentile in Europe has been so complete that there is no such thing as a Jewish physical genotype or a Jewish hooked nose (or, if there is, it is an optical illusion caused by the upturned wings of the Jewish nostril); third that this recasting of Jewish history has no consequences for the status of Israel, whose legitimacy is based upon the sound and irrefragable foundations of international law.

One might wish to remain content with such modest conclusions did the book not in fact open up the entire question of the Jews' relation to their own history, Biblical history especially, which is of some importance to them. For the Jews' conception of themselves as "the people of The Book" is a double-edged proposition: that they are a uniquely bookish people and that they are *those* people in *that* book, *the* Tribe of Judah. That is a mystical proposition to be sure, in the way that all long-distance lineage is mystical, but it has been of no small moment to a (until recently) nationless and beleaguered people whose conviction that they are the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has been their ultimate sanction and strength.

The Jews, unique among Western peoples, have enjoyed the luxury of taking their Old Testament straight, having no need to recast it as a book of edifying allegories and moral exempla, and their claim on the Holy Land has always been in part an irredentist claim—a call for the redemption of history. Koestler may be right in protesting that a new history does not mean the reformulation of Zionism (next year in the Crimea?), but he is naive to imagine that it does not cast Zionism in a new light: that of myth rather than that of history.

That the Jewish relation to Biblical history might now be myth makes the Jews, among other things, just another European people in this sense: that the historical core of their religion is not their own and that their faith entails the celebration and mystification of someone else's past. For what now, in principle, distinguishes the Jews' historical relation to Jerusalem from that of American black Baptists to the River Jordan or that of, say, French Catholics to Bethlehem? Are not all such holy places mythic locales of the same order? And what now of the relationship of these Ashkenazi Khazars to the Sephardim, the *real* Tribe of Judah? "Ah," says Henry Kissinger in a recent conversation with Saul Bellow, "if only the Bible had been written in Uganda. Everyone would have been so much better off."

Koestler is right, of course. On the plane of practical affairs nothing is altered by the Khazar theory, which is not to say that it doesn't make all the difference in the world. □

Love's Alchemy

LOVERS AND TYRANTS. *By Francine du Plessix Gray. Simon & Schuster. 316 pp. $8.95.*

JOAN PETERS

Very few writers since D.H. Lawrence write seriously about married love. There is, of course, a great deal written about marriage, but not usually in conjunction with love. *Lovers and Tyrants* by Francine du Plessix Gray contains an unsentimental portrait of married love as well as an examination of why married love is so difficult to achieve. Although this is not the point of *Lovers and Tyrants*, the section on marriage as well as the section on childhood are, in themselves, such stunning portraits of experience that they very nearly draw the reader away from the flow of the novel. These sections, and there are eight of them, each reflecting the stages of the protagonist's life, are the parts of Gray's autobiographical novel of ascent and liberation. The genre itself has come to be a bit too popular, yet Gray handles it with such intelligence and literary skill that one feels almost as if the genre has been nicely by-passed. Her rich prose and philosophic edge, the erudition she displays, lead one to expect a greater overall significance than the autobiographical novel can, or has, provided. In the end, *Lovers and Tyrants* is, as they all are, the retelling of one's life, not the shaping of an autonomous, aesthetically complete idea. But however limited the genre it thrives here in the hands of a fine artist.

Stephanie, the protagonist, is a wife and mother who is trying to create the family she never had and, at the same time, explore, through the vehicle of her journalism, the philosophic and emotional life of her culture. Her own child-

Joan Peters is a critic and teacher who at present is writing a book on the development of the hero in fiction.

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hood was grim, lonely and materially privileged. Without a hint of the maudlin, Gray evokes Stephanie's life as the daughter of a stern aristocratic Frenchman and a fiercely ambitious Russian emigré mother who never notices she has a child. These two figures and her ascetic, hypochondriacal governess, Mishka, leave her with memories of isolation and overprotection:

> My childhood lies behind me muted, opaque and drab, the color of gruel and of woolen gaiters, its noises muted and monotonous as a sleeper's pulse. . . . My temperature was taken twice a day, my head was perpetually wrapped in some woolen muffler or gauze veiling, I was scrubbed, spruced, buffed, combed, polished, year round, like a first communicant.

Even more fascinating than the particularities of her Paris childhood is the way in which the writer captures the beggary of childhood, the pathetic taking of anything as long as there's some form of love that comes with it, and the concomitant indignities:

> I return to eat another meal in the dim and lonely kitchen, then enter my father's room as he is preparing to go out to dinner. We look at family albums, memorize from a book of heraldry the blazons pertaining to various dukes, marquises, viscounts, and barons. He asks me about the meeting of the Jeannettes, the French Brownie Girl Scouts, the previous day—an activity he imposed, over my tears and Mishka's protests, "to toughen her up a bit." He receives the sad news that at the yearly award of prizes for running, jumping, most cooperative, most courageous, etc., I received the prize for the scout with the cleanest nails. He consoles himself by rehearsing with me the theme song of the Jeannettes:
>
> Ne pleure pas, Jeannette, tra-la lalalalalalalalalalalala-la-la.

Despite the joylessness of her days, she adores her father and is desperately attached to her dour governess. Later, she thinks of Mishka as the sole cause of her unhappiness and she detests her, even though much of this resentment properly belongs more to her parents than to the hapless governess:

> The selfish tyranny of her love had held me back, had arrested some process of growth that I could never recapture. She had instilled in me for life a sense of isolation from others, the guilt of her misery, and the addictive need for protection and for tenderness that drags upon any courage I have.

While her parents never provided her with countervailing influences, she only thinks of them with love; there is no sense of what difficulties *they* might have caused her.

Each successive stage of her life is marked by the tyranny of someone whose love Stephanie must have: her mother, who finally emerges out of her boudoir to take Stephanie, age 9, to America during World War II; the popular girl at the fancy private school her mother, though penniless, manages to send her to; her father's family, which functions as an emanation of her father who died in the Resistance. The tyranny here is their (his) snobbery, tradition and insularity. Later, her lovers and her husband become the objects of her intense need. All of them force her to give up some part of herself in order to get their love; they force her to please, to satisfy, to listen, to be a part of their fantasy life. Yet, they are all her lovers and do love her. With each, especially Paul, her husband, she thrives in some way.

Her lovers represent one of the contradictions she has learned to live with. There are others. She is an aristocrat and a radical, a traditionalist and a rebel, a sensualist with a strong Jesuitical streak. These aren't stances she has adopted but deeply felt commitments that she has made and, in some cases, that have been made for her. To the 25-year-old Maoist gigolo she takes up with when she is in her 40s, the contradictions make her a liberal, a 1950s liberal. To herself, and to me, Stephanie is simply a person trying to acknowledge and accommodate the forces that have acted on her and which remain a part of her.

Although the book would have been improved by more detail about Stephanie's own politics, the politics of two generations, the 1950s and the 1960s are eloquently contrasted in some 70 pages of dialogue, repartee, musings between the "beautiful bossy kid" Elijah, the gigolo, and herself. He is what she would have been had she been 25 and male. At least one part of her. She recognizes him as her "twin brother" and adores this bratty, brash child of the 1960s who wants everything and doesn't want to wait and who can't bear to face his own contradictions. She also recognizes her twin in Greg, the Jesuit priest, who wryly comments to Stephanie that their "friendship has always been complicated by the fact that you'd rather be me." More contradictions.

With her husband Paul, the contradic-

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tions are intense. He is the silent "Father-Earth" who watches over his brood, gardens, stays at home and is as regular as laundry. Stephanie can see the depth of the man and of their life together as well as the "Chicken Liver Kastle" that he's built around her. From time to time she paints him with bitter contempt as a doting banal man:

> The old days, the old days, that's what he talked about often when we traveled. What a decline in the quality of resorts, of art criticism, of political ethics, he said that weekend, what a decline in the quality of human values. In the old days he could buy lovely fresh fish for his dogs at seventeen cents a pound, help was easier to get, what a good life Renoir must have had.

Simultaneously, she sees him as a "beautiful unidentifiable forest animal . . . brilliant, loyal, loving, secretive, self-righteous." She is not afraid to identify all her feelings, both the cruel and disapproving ones as well as the loving ones. She refuses to reflect with only one part of herself about the man she has shared her life with for fourteen years:

> he is the landscape of my life, the creator and obstructor of my freedom, I need him the way we need our daily bread, I miss him the way the sequestered bird misses her mate/his mate in the next cage, I would die both for him and for my freedom, which is not to be found elsewhere, outside this room. . . .

The depiction of Stephanie's relationship with Paul is as complex a portrait of love and marriage as I have seen in recent novels.

One of the problems with *Lovers and Tyrants* is that not all the contradictions are accounted for or, it seems, planned for. Among the most perplexing of these is the tension between Stephanie's feminist analysis of her life and her persistent identification with men. On the one hand, she is quite strong in her analysis of how confining it is to be a woman, how discrimination operates, how few models women have, etc.: "Woman as angel, woman as beast . . . our enslavers segregate us into zoos, with our full consent." Even Stephanie's "epiphany" concerns her insights about woman's role: "every woman's life is a series of exorcisms from the spells of different oppressors: nurses, lovers, husbands, gurus, parents, children, myths of the good life, the most tyrannical despots can be the ones who love us the most." On the other hand, the actual record of Stephanie's life is a Freudian's delight and a feminist's nightmare. Again and again Stephanie realizes that she wants to be a boy. Everything comes back to that: "I am unfaithful because I am lonely, because I want to be a boy . . ." she says. When she thinks of her writing, she thinks "maybe my pen can be my penis, my vengeance for not being a man."

And while it is true that being stuck in either sex is confining and while *Lovers and Tyrants* is about freedom and transcendence, the contradiction remains, because Stephanie doesn't want so much to be androgynous as male. Stephanie's need to be with men, her desire to be a boy, the absence of female friends, the Henry Milleresque sexual descriptions, her assumption that it is because Mishka couldn't love men that she was so cruel, all escape the notice of the narrator's feminism. They pass as perfectly acceptable parts of Stephanie's feelings, yet they don't really fit. The sex scenes are dominated by men's actions, their pleasure and their fantasies, even their genitals: "next he ordered her to get on her stomach and he went at her fully from behind. She asked permission to turn over . . . ," or "He wants to have me totally naked while he is still dressed. He insists on fucking me just like that, with his winter coat still on." There is no other perspective offered to suggest that these feelings only represent a stage or an aspect of development.

While this contradiction between her feminism and her idealization of men doesn't seem planned, it is understandable. Stephanie's father was everything to her. She never had time to outgrow her adoration of him; and since he died when she was young, she still, in some sense, "walks beside him like a docile pony." At least he loved her when she was small. Her mother was cold and indifferent, a person she "had learned to worship . . . as silently as a rat, always fearing to be brutalized by some gesture of dismissal." She is mystified by women, confused by them as she was by this stranger who was her mother:

> For years I shall follow mothers and daughters on subways, down the street, in department stores, with the same obsessive curiosity with which a woman traumatized by barrenness follows beautiful children. Eavesdropping on their intimacies, wondering how mothers and daughters spend afternoons together, what they talk about, how much they disclose to each other.

Echoes of her feelings about her mother resound in her brief considerations, for example, of other women as lovers. Women, she tells Elijah, just don't "possess her enough." She wonders "how do they do it . . . what does one say, when does one say it." She learned what to say to men, how to love them, both sexually and platonically, but not women. Women remain strangers to her. Thus, while she can see the plight of women, she does not feel close to them.

Gray makes it possible to see the lines of psychological development: what it means to have been aristocratic, splendidly educated, a Catholic, a lover of freedom and of love. Yet, she doesn't really examine her heritage in social or political terms, something she is well equipped to do, and something one is led to expect from the first half of the book. Nor is there an examination of Stephanie's artistic and professional self. Her career in journalism and her love of writing are tagged on. This is an odd omission in a novel where craft and language are as important as the protagonist whose experience they give life to. What *Lovers and Tyrants* does do, and does beautifully, is exploit the limited strength of the autobiographical genre. Gray presents a fascinating, intelligent woman whose personal contradictions concerning tradition, freedom, sex, culture, and religion shed light on the larger society in a way that is sometimes inadvertent, more often artistically controlled. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

"Heinrich von Kleist," a program note of the Chelsea Theatre production reads, "was a paradox: a Prussian poet." The paradox implied in this jibe is more extensive than its geographical boundary. For though Kleist was educated in a military academy, served for a while as an officer in the army and was the descendant of many generals, he detested their tradition. In Berlin *The Prince of Homburg* was considered anti-Prussian; when it was first produced in Vienna—in 1821, ten years after the author's death—it was withdrawn from the state theatre because the Austrian archduke feared it might have a demoralizing effect on the troops. Yet for many years other people held it to be a play celebrating Prussian military ideals.

A romantic by instinct, Kleist employed his classic intelligence to hold the tempest of his inner being in check and to salt it with modern irony. *The Prince of Homburg* is an heroic comedy. Written in verse, it upholds the ancient standards of disciplined chivalry and at the

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same time derides them. Its ambiguity might lead authoritarians to approve of the play and libertarians to condemn it, or *vice versa*! The play's romanticism is teasing and quizzical, its total effect wholly captivating.

The play's central character is a handsome young prince, a colonel in the army serving the Elector of Brandenburg in his war of 1687 against Sweden. The prince is a gallant cavalry man of dreamy temperament. While resting and half asleep in a garden he is tricked into a vision of a beautiful woman who happens to be the Elector's niece, the Princess Natalia. He is enraptured. Seeing her again while he is receiving instructions for an oncoming engagement with the enemy, he is so distracted that he fails to pay attention to the plan of battle outlined by the commanding officer on behalf of the Elector. During the battle he leads his men in a charge prior to the time designated in his instructions. Though his daring is crowned by victory, the action was contrary to orders. The Elector sends him to prison, to await court-martial and probably execution.

Terrified, the Prince begs Natalia, with whom he has fallen in love and whom he proposes to marry, to intercede for him with the Elector. At first the Elector proves unrelenting, but is so moved by the ardor of Natalia's appeal that he sends a message to the Prince which may free him from execution. What the message says is that the Prince is to be released if he himself will declare that his condemnation for violation of military orders was unjust. This the Prince is unwilling to do. "The court-martial *had* to pass a sentence of death. . . . That was according to the laws by which it acts," the Prince says . . . and, "If his pardon must depend only upon my own impertinent objection then I do not merit and want forgiveness."

Though the Prince's comrades in arms plead for his pardon and are prepared to rebel against the Elector if he does not grant it, he yields only when he is told the circumstances which caused the Prince not to understand his orders: he had been gazing transfixed at the Princess Natalia. A wreath is placed on the Prince's head, he is restored to his rank and cheered by his fellow officers. The cannons boom. The officers greet the occasion with "Hail! Hail!" The Prince asks, "Tell me: is this a dream?" A friend answers, "A dream: what else?" This is followed by the cry "Into battle! To victory! To victory! Death to all the enemies of Brandenburg!"

The ghost of Kleist (who died by his own hand at the age of 34) hovers over the scene, smiling ambiguously at our query, "What does it all mean *exactly*?" At the Paris revival in the 1940s of *The Prince of Homburg*—it was in the vast *Théâtre National Populaire* under one of France's leading directors, Jean Vilar—the Prince was played by the superbly radiant Gérard Philipe. It is no fault of the Chelsea Theatre, which has now moved its production from Brooklyn to its West-side Theatre on West 43rd St., that it does not possess such resources. Its stage is as a teacup to a reservoir. Its company, headed by Frank Langella in the name role, knowingly directed by Robert Kalfin, does well within the given limitations. The actors' delivery of heightened speech is good and, though not to the manner born, they are aware of the required style and understand what they are about. The Chelsea Theatre merits praise and thanks for undertaking to present so special and signal a play in a city where nobody else would think, or dare, to do it.

WEB IN THE LAMP

Like one of those model airplanes
someone you used to know
suspended from the ceiling—
hung by a film of gauze
so thin only the light
abuts on the length of it,
the moth looks in mid-flight,
wings drawn for another beat.

No story of the struggle—
no image of the spider
hauling up the noose
to hold her victim close;
only a milk-white moth
twists from a single strand,
fixed as though by hand.

H. L. Van Brunt

Ladyhouse Blues by Kevin O'Morrison is a modest slice-of-life play about a family of women in one of the poor sections of St. Louis soon after the armistice, in 1919. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre: 221 E. 73rd St.) That it is in that old-fashioned mode troubles me very little; that it is sympathetic in observation, honest in sentiment, authentic in writing pleases me a lot.

The head of the family, Liz, is an Irishwoman altogether devout in her reading of the Scriptures. She is prejudiced against innovations of almost every kind, fearful of the "Bolshevikis"—anything she suspects of being a departure from custom and sacred law is "Bolsheviki." But she is herself the widow of a beloved Spaniard, a foreigner, and all foreigners in her eyes are also objects of suspicion. She lost a child at its birth, but she has four daughters and a son who has been overseas fighting the Kaiser.

Daughter Helen who suffers from TB is married to a German who lives apart from her in fear of infection. He is himself a victim of the neighbors' anti-German phobia. (Even Dachshunds were then subject to attack by rock-throwing citizens.) Another daughter, Dot, is married to a New Yorker of means and "respectability" who seeks to raise her to some degree of gentility by having her improve her speech and study French. The third daughter, Terry, is a waitress, well-liked by her boss, though she is trying to form a union among her coworkers. The youngest daughter, 16-year-old Eylie, is in love with a Greek of little repute. She and her boy friend are saving to buy a boat and go off to California, their Eldorado. The hope of the family is the brother abroad whose arrival is momentarily expected. The play's only "event" is a telegram from the U.S. Navy announcing his death by cholera.

Liz won't accept the sorely needed $4,000 insurance money on the policy issued by the government. She would do so if the authorities presented the money to her directly, but she refuses to apply for it formally because to her it would mean that money could com-

"A blow at the solar plexus."
—William F. Buckley

The Nobel Prize-winning author's famous speeches delivered to the U.S. Congress and the AFL-CIO conventions, and the two BBC broadcasts that shocked London in March, 1976.

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—BERNARD LEVIN, *The London Times*

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pensate her for her son's death. Helen, embittered by her illness—the family is too poor to afford hospital care—works hard at the household chores. Terry, the waitress, is proud to have been elected a delegate to the first international women's conference in Washington. And Eylie is happy at the thought of her planned escape from the family mess.

Despite all the irritation and hurt in the common situation, the play's atmosphere is neither wretched nor depressing. There is much rancor at the mother's dominant stubbornness. (The constant nervous tension is aggravated by oppressive summer heat and humidity.) Still these people are closely bound together and for all the impatience with the mother her children not only love but respect her. Her faith in the Lord—actually a faith in life—which she doesn't profess to understand and which she occasionally storms at, supports her and her family through their misfortunes, makes it possible for them to endure. Her religiosity is both absurd and a saving grace.

Humor runs through the play like a cooling stream. The petty pleasures: movie going, short strolls along the river, singing *On the Banks of the Wabash* together, laughter at old family gags—the stuff of commonplace everyday existence—redeem the bleakness of the enervating circumstances. Rarely has a man written so perceptive a play about a group of women.

For all its merits, the play might have proved heavy going if it were not so beautifully acted and so understandingly and meticulously directed by Tony Giordano. The versatile Cara Duff-McCormick conveys the physical strain of her pulmonary ailment and her resentment at it, while preserving a staunchness in suffering, propped in part by her Catholic discipline. Gale Garnett has a healthily cheerful resoluteness in her confidence in the working woman's future. Mary-Joan Negro is an attractive womanly woman hard pressed in a world (among the New York swells and in her family) where she cannot find her place. Christine Estabrook as Eylie is tenderly spunky in her determination to sail westward to freedom. And Jo Henderson is splendidly convincing as the intrepid, wrong-headed, powerfully centered mother of them all. □

I must apologize for a factual error in my review of the film Harlan County, U.S.A. [*Nov. 6*]. *The strike lasted thirteen months, not as I had it, four years! It was the director who spent four years in making the film.*

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INDIGENOUS MUSIC / Nat Hentoff

In the lively arts, no more than in politics or in the Mafia, can a current sovereign absolutely designate his successor. According to jazz legend, for instance, the overwhelming Charlie Parker, toward the end of his volcanic years, dubbed Sonny Stitt as the next monarch of the alto saxophone. It was backstage at a seedy theatre, and young Stitt, stunned, told friends, "Bird gave me the keys to the kingdom." Stitt, however, never could find the lock; for most of the time since then, he has been an itinerant club player—competent but with no further intimations of royalty.

Some fifteen years ago, Frank Sinatra, another commander of a certain slice of musical territory, wrote me that he considered his heir apparent to be Tony Bennett. This time, I think, the designation will hold up. Sinatra is still intermittently around, of course, but his style is somewhat like that of John O'Hara in his post-autumnal years—the once fresh tautness become hoarse and rambling. It was not so much age that softened Sinatra. After all, Mabel Mercer is older and has less control of her voice than Sinatra, occasionally having to half-speak her songs. But she is still passionate about her craft, while Sinatra, somewhere along the way toward becoming an international personage for reasons other than music, began to regard his singing as an avocation. And casualness leads to deterioration, whether in Lieder or pop singing.

Tony Bennett, on the other hand, sees himself as a perpetual student of after-dark balladry. Some months ago, for instance, he recorded a set with the extraordinarily subtle, even elusive, modern jazz pianist, Bill Evans, in order to stretch his capacities. It was just the two of them (*Tony Bennett & Bill Evans, Fantasy*). No lulling waves of strings for Bennett to coast on; no billows of brass to cover up occasional lapses of intonation. There he was, practically naked and carrying a whole album—a challenge hardly any of the young rock singers would dare try. Yet Bennett made it one of the more consistently absorbing popular sets in recent years.

Now he has decided that the only way to insure his freedom to go on stretching himself when the mood seizes him is to have his own record label. For many years he had been with Columbia, but since his vintage romanticism and predilection for equally vintage standards no longer result in instant hits and huge album sales, Columbia tried to persuade him to adapt to more modish, rockish material. He acceded unhappily for a while, but of course, it didn't work. Not that Bennett was suffering economically as the pop/rock trends whizzed by him. He still plays Las Vegas and other such ormolu venues; but artistically, those too are limiting circumstances. About the only way to be intimate in a place like Vegas is to strip.

With the advent of his new Improv label, Tony Bennett is somewhat in the position of a writer who has formed his own publishing house and can now release whatever he likes. Among the initial albums is as flawless a session of largely improvised popular singing as has been recorded in at least a decade. Like Sinatra, Bennett, while not himself a jazz singer, is admiringly knowledgeable about the genre; and in *Tony Bennett Sings 10 Rodgers & Hart Songs* (Improv 7113) he has assembled a

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small combo of crisp, lyrical jazzmen who have gently propelled him into the most relaxed, resourceful and musically intelligent singing he has ever placed on recordings.

The floating foundation consists of guitarists George Barnes and Wayne Wright, along with bassist John Giuffrida. The single horn is cornetist Ruby Braff who, now that Bobby Hackett is gone, is unexcelled in jazz for unabashedly melodic, deeply burnished improvising with a pulse that conjures up the most graceful soft-shoe dancers of quite distant legend. With Braff's soaring but thoughtful commentary to sing off, Bennett is like a man rescued from all those inert studio orchestras of his past; and so he plumbs all sorts of new expressive possibilities in such songs as *This Can't Be Love, Manhattan* and *Wait 'Til You See Her.*

As noted, Bennett is not a jazz singer, but he comes very close here—as Fred Astaire did years ago in a softly stunning jazz package put together by Norman Granz. Now, if someone—perhaps record company owner Bennett—would arrange for a set of Astaire-Bennett duets, Improv might do for popular song what the Smithsonian Institution is accomplishing for the classic jazz tradition. □

THERE IS

There is the house I build that is never finished.
The rooms which are never large enough.

There is the weather outside this house.
The light which is never bright enough.

All my life I am all my life going from this house
into this weather, & the dark between.

Philip Schultz

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Frank Stella and Robert Morris have both shown new work recently, Stella at Knoedler's and Morris at Leo Castelli's (downtown). The coincidence of these exhibitions, and their parallel weaknesses, is an invitation to consider their earlier work as well as the new. Stella seemed to reach almost immediately the maximum audience that the art world can command. His *first* show was at the Museum of Modern Art in 1959 in "16 Americans"; his second at Castelli's in the following year. (His is one of the few cases in which a museum did not wait for the process of gallery filtering before showing an artist.) No wonder Stella became a point of reference, often the model, for a generation of abstract painters.

Morris entered a bit less brilliantly but wasted no time after his 1964 exhibition of bare structures in plywood at Richard Bellamy's Green Gallery. In 1966 he began a series of more or less annual articles in the then-influential *Artforum.* The combination of a volatile style and a verbal commentary on the issues raised by it was irresistible. For once here was a sculptor who was as smart as a painter, unbound by craft notions or a nostalgia for organic materials. Morris's forms went from hard to soft, from geometric to indeterminate, accompanied by texts to demonstrate the inevitability of each step.

Through these phases Morris appears, now as then, to be a man very much in control of himself and the support system. (By support system I mean the panoply of galleries, magazine editors, museum curators, collectors and, not least, other artists.) The shifts in his work may have been arrived at with the greatest personal upheaval (I don't know), but once each change was made it was presented with the maximum aplomb.

"I SEE THE SUN RISING ON A BEAUTIFUL NEW DAY"....THERE IS A "BEAUTIFUL NEW SPIRIT IN THE COUNTRY."—President-elect Carter

We have been living under the Presidency of the man who pardoned Nixon; pardoned some of the greatest crimes against the American people. Many of us who voted **against** Ford rather than **for** Carter breathed surprisingly fresh and hopeful air after the results came in.

PERHAPS

There will be a resurgence of spirited action and achievement on the part of progressives and liberals. Perhaps we will start doing more to help the unemployed, the hungry, the aged and the ailing.

PERHAPS

We, yes, all of us shared in the guilt of the Plumbers, and tapes, and the spying and lying. And perhaps now we will feel more free to continue the work to build a better society, a better country, and a better world.

PERHAPS

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As Morris transcended his own preceding work he also outpaced his audience and his followers.

In the 1960s there was a special congruence between the roles of the artist as artist and the artist as writer. The production of art and its discussion, speculative and propagandistic, stayed in the same hands, at least so far as one very influential group was concerned. Robert Smithson and Sol LeWitt, no less than Morris, wrote as well as sculpted. The dual activity suited Morris perfectly: he was both productive and alert to the emerging topics of the 1960s. He counted as a representative man, one of those people who embody the aspirations of their field. Other sculptors, and critics of sculptors, were obliged to consider Morris's presence when they looked for their own bearings. He had two museum shows, one in 1969 and one in 1970, but around 1970 or so he lost his commanding position. It is not that the museum exhibitions were disappointing but that Morris's capacity to take hold of topical ideas and mold them to his own form-sense seems to have weakened.

Stella's position was never buttressed by public theory to the degree that Morris's was, but the authority of his decisions as a painter, backed by high productivity and incessant visibilty, dominated abstract painting. First his example supported the monochromatic in color and the modular in form. Then in 1965, after these criteria had been mastered by his followers, Stella made a brutal reversal: he turned to multicolored, asymmetrical forms. Two years later, in the Protractor series of 1967, he preserved the complex syntax of these pictures but reduced their abruptness. Allusions to Celtic illuminated manuscripts accommodate his changed style within a traditional aesthetic of variety rather than arbitrariness. But like Morris, Stella's latest work is no longer that of a taste maker or opinion leader. Looking at his work now, we can see it as one person's output, relatable to his earlier art but not sanctioned by peer interest and dependency. On that basis what does the work look like?

Stella's new works, like those in his previous shows, are metal reliefs with tilted and overlapping planes upon which he paints. The marks have the nonchalance of graffiti, which cover but don't fit exactly the spaces of the world that they claim. Stella sets up a comparable situation: the first step is an aluminum structure, solid, expensive to fabricate; the second step is its cheap adornment. Stella scribbles; he adds glitter. His colors crumble from pale pink to dark purple to sour green. He is both the Transit Authority and the teenager. There is a bounded format, the heavy rectangularity of the metal relief, with a chaotic top dressing, the painted surface. The disparity of structure and color is not the only element that opposes traditional taste. There are banal Art Deco clefs, looking like something from a rejected sequence in Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, and a stuffing of crinkled foil that fills gaps in the shaped metal forms. Thus these works reveal an urge to subvert the composure of formal abstract art with a *mélange* of marks. Frankly, the new Stellas fidget with merely superficial perturbation.

Morris's new show consists of large symmetrical sculptures in black or white felt. His first shows of felt pieces were in 1968 at the Sonnabend Gallery, then in Paris, and at Castelli's in New York. The impact of his soft sculpture was considerable: felt had not been thought of as an art medium before—except by Josef Beuys, but nobody knew about him then. Morris used half-inch-wide felt, mostly cut in strips, pinned to the wall or heaped on the floor. There was a sense of material yielding to insistent gravity, rather than resisting it as in traditional sculpture. The matte quality of the felt absorbed the light so that there was a defiant deadness about the stuff. It was an effective annulment of the theory of life-enhancing sculptural form, often evoked as a sculptural aesthetic.

The new felt pieces are very different. They are not sliced into strips but presented as hefty, symmetrical emblems, modeled by light. The configuration is always balanced, thus resisting Morris's earlier notion of felt as a sloppy material. The centralized layouts sag a bit and get slightly puckered, but hold onto a basic geometricity. Instead of collaborating with the force of gravity, Morris resists it to produce a kind of sluggish tension between the inertial weight of the felt and the formality of the pattern into which it is forced. The result is handsome but conventional; without the sanction of topicality Morris's art, like Stella's, seems merely willful. □

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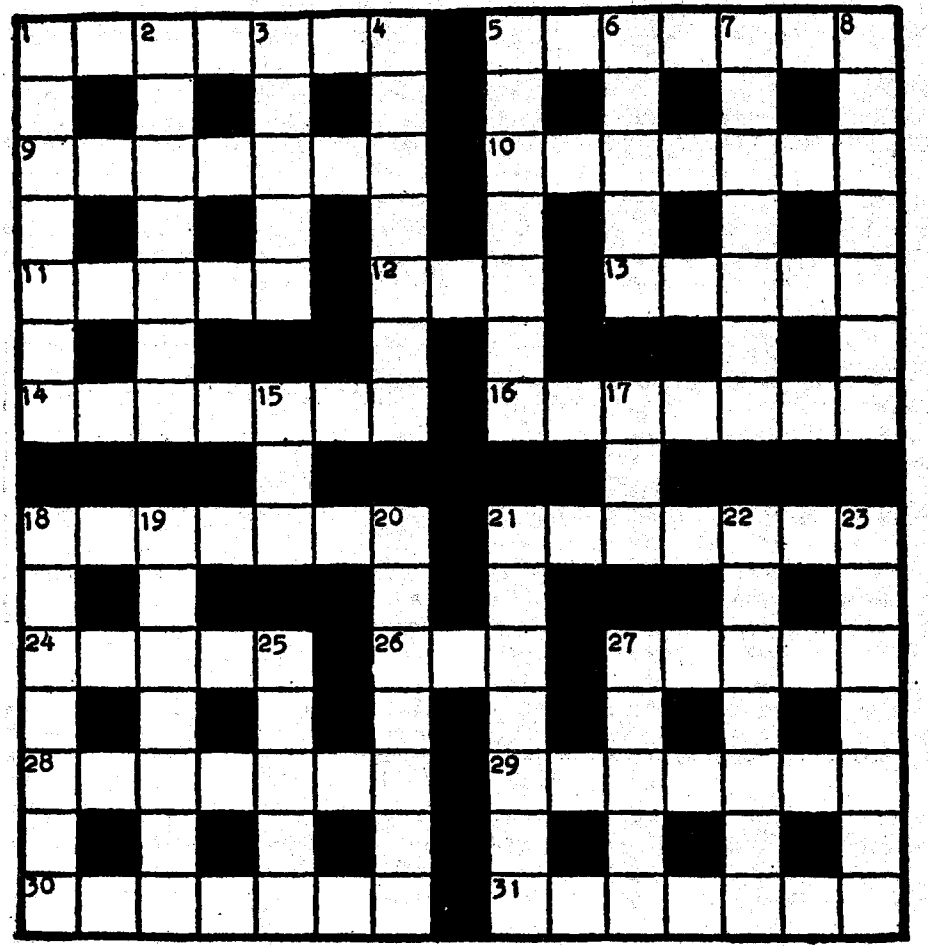
Crossword Puzzle No. 1655

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Thrown away with one unrecognized.
9 Stopped speaking colloquially, perhaps as the pure did. (5,2)
10 Intervene right away, if I'm the head! (7)
11 Later this might be a slight admonishment with 12. (5)
12 and 13 Admitting that nothing could possibly be paid for this way? (8)
14 Perhaps how to reproduce letters for uncertain clients. (7)
16 Those in the sky are big and little, like ousels. (7)
18 and 29 Rescue a drowning person, perhaps, but one isn't likely to feel comfortable. (4,3,2,5)
21 and 25 down Only a navy man would think of releasing fish through them. (7,5)
24 Tired of what they did with your taxes?
27 What might be smoked is also made better. (5)
28 Some question about my skill, but none the less friendly. (7)
30 If one does, it takes care of the charge and you may never see the blasted place! (7)
31 In actual fact, what most of 27 down ruminates on is brought back, as might be inferred. (7)

DOWN

1 See 21 down
2 The thing here sort of let prickles out of it. (7)
3 One who puts two and two together might be dangerous. (5)
4 A pilot's possibly upset by one being square. (7)
5 Lost possession, perhaps. (7)
6 What the cowboy did needs nothing to make it a contest, of sorts (5)
7 Stop Ali in eight rounds? That shows it's something like glass! (7)
8 If blacksmiths use them, they don't slip. (7)
15, 17 and 26 across With a birdlike sound before each had dinner, made to work together. (9)
18 and 5 across Tied up, as well as angry? How could Jehu drive this way? (4,3,7)
19 Western man of law, or African Amazon? (7)
20 Those who look for missing persons don't show up in the dark. (7)
21 and 1 down One sometimes forgets they might have been mostly bad times. (3,4,3,4)
22 Criteria when missing one sort of untrustworthy type? (7)
23 Put in a rank, as a soldier might be? (7)
27 Strangely enough, it might almost be bullied. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1654

ACROSS: 1 Follow-through; 9 Acute; 10 Indochina; 11 Old hand; 12 Evening; 13 Overt; 14 Cotangent; 16 Easy chair; 18 Chain; 19 Bacilli; 21 Slavish; 22 Come of age; 23 China; 24 Out like a light. DOWN: 1 Flat on one's back; 2 Laundress; 3 Overact; 4 Third; 5 Red letter; 6 Unclean; 7 Haiti; 8 Caught in the act; 14 Charivari; 15 Examining; 17 Call out; 18 Chancel; 20 Cameo; 21 Scene.

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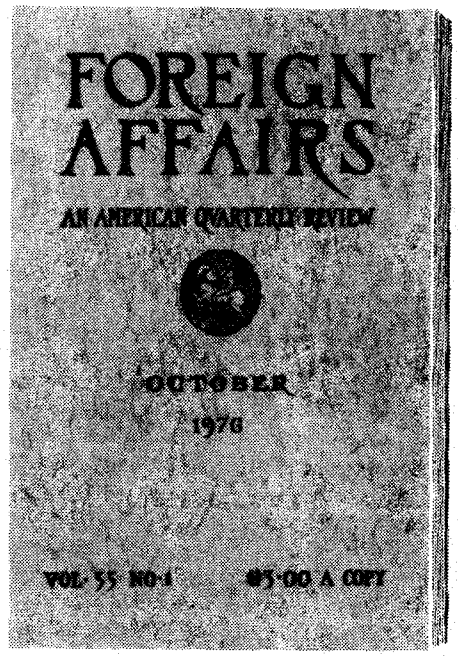

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